

The Listener

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J. Allan Cash

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America's Mounting Crime Problem (Croswell Bowen)

What is a 'Democratic Education'? (Eric James)

Disorder in France (Jean Cocteau)

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President Eisenhower and Congress

By CHARLES COLLINGWOOD

NOW that the Republicans are in power in Washington they are finding themselves forced by the pressures of responsibility to take very much the same positions on a number of issues as the Democrats had taken before them. This is a common enough political phenomenon, but it has caused some distress to some of the Republican Members of Congress who had cherished a hope that the mandate of the electorate would somehow alter the facts of international life in which the American Government must be carried on.

Already the Eisenhower Administration is encountering difficulties with Congress; the first real trouble has come over taxes. During the campaign the Republicans, by implication on the part of General Eisenhower, explicitly in the case of many other candidates, had held out the hope of lower taxes if they were returned. Republican leaders in Congress, with whom tax legislation originates, went so far as to say formally, last week, that they have a mandate from the people to cut taxes. To that end they have introduced as the first order of business a measure to reduce income taxes by eleven per cent., beginning July 1. However, President Eisenhower and his Cabinet have decided, as President Truman concluded before them, that taxes must remain high until defence expenditure can be lowered. And, like the Truman Administration before them, they have surveyed the world situation and found that they cannot, in good conscience, recommend any drastic curtailment in military spending. Therefore President Eisenhower, with much political courage, told Congress and the country that he is opposed to any tax cut now.

To say that this caused chagrin in the breasts of many Members

of the House of Representatives is an understatement of the most conservative proportions. It has been said that the first duty of a Congressman is to get re-elected. And most Congressmen believe that few things are more pleasing to a voter than a reduction in his tax bill. Others hold by economic theory that a cut in taxes now would be healthy. At any rate, the House Ways and Means Committee has defied the President and is not only pushing its tax reduction bill but is employing a little pressure on the White House of its own.

It is a peculiarity of the American system that many measures must constitutionally originate in the House of Representatives. By the nature of things, many of these fall under the jurisdiction of this same Ways and Means Committee, which is in conflict with the President over taxes. These include several matters on which President Eisenhower is anxious to get action. The Committee has moved to bottle these up, to prevent action, at the same time loudly hinting that if the White House gives the green light to a tax cut they might be disposed to act more quickly. An example is the extension of social security benefits to millions more Americans—something the President mentioned in his State of the Union message. Another is the extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act, a necessary preliminary to any policy of 'trade and not aid'. Congressional Republicans are warning that the President will have a much easier time getting his trade policy through if he acquiesces in a tax cut. In other words, the ancient American conflict, almost guaranteed by the Constitution, between the President and his Executive Branch on the one hand and the Legislative Branch of the American Government on the other, is already beginning. And

it has begun because the President found that the facts of international life did not permit as radical a departure from the path as many members of his party had hoped for.

This same conflict over the extent to which the Republicans should break with the past has been revealed in the difference in attitude towards foreign affairs between the Administration and elements of its party in Congress. During the long and painful years in which the Republicans were in the minority they used to refresh themselves by telling each other how, once in power, they would repeal the mistakes of the Democrats and advance their own more positive and dynamic programme. The two symbols of their reforming zeal have been Korea and the series of war-time agreements with Russia, notably at Yalta and Potsdam.

Caution in Korean War

During the campaign General Eisenhower himself lent colour to the assumption that he would do something drastic to alter the terms under which the war in Korea is being fought. If this filled with alarm some of the other nations associated in that enterprise, it delighted the Republican rank-and-file. However, the only concrete action so far has been to relax the orders to the 7th Fleet guarding Formosa, which actually changes the situation hardly at all. President Eisenhower appears to have turned down the more bellicose suggestions of his supporters and to be developing his policy towards Korea with great caution. He seems to be alive to all of the considerations which influenced his predecessors.

As for the war-time agreements with Russia, Republicans—particularly in Congress—have been demanding for years that the Yalta and Potsdam pacts should be repudiated. They hinted darkly that they were the work of Communists like Alger Hiss, who had insinuated themselves into the councils of the Democrats. In his State of the Union Message, President Eisenhower said he would ask Congress to join him in disavowing secret agreements which had permitted the enslavement of free peoples. This, too, created serious misgivings abroad, especially among those nations who also participated in the formulation and signature of those agreements.

However, much to the disappointment of those Republicans to whom Yalta had become a symbol of Democratic iniquity, when the President's actual proposal came out last week it was not a denunciation of the pact at all. All the President asked was that Congress reject interpretations of agreements which have been perverted to bring about the subjection of free peoples. Indeed, he suggested that the main thing wrong with the Yalta and Potsdam agreements was that the Russians did not live up to them—which is just what the Democrats have been saying all along.

So some of the Republicans in Congress are disappointed in the President's restraint in this instance, just as they have been disappointed by his attitude toward extending the war in Korea. And it is worth noting that in both of these situations one of the major factors stopping the President from taking an extreme position appears to have been the attitude of America's allies. There can be few of the world's statesmen more aware than Mr. Eisenhower of the necessity of maintaining the coalition of freedom-loving nations. And, in spite of the frightening things that some have read into some of the statements of the new Administration, it would not seem that the President is on the point of jettisoning international co-operation for purposes of domestic policy.

But, as is already becoming apparent, he does have domestic political problems. Not only does his party command a very narrow congressional majority, but it is divided within itself. Moreover, as always happens when someone is elected on a surge of popular enthusiasm, miracles are expected of President Eisenhower that he is in no position to supply. His response to these problems is at once personal and thoroughly characteristic. President Eisenhower is a great believer in the round table or conference type of approach. It is quite possible that he is one of the most persuasive men in the world, in the sense that he has the ability to convince people of diverse interests to compromise their views and join in a common plan. It is an extraordinary quality which he has, as anyone who

has felt it knows. Eisenhower is convincing, not through force of logic but through force of feeling. He is not at his best when reading a carefully prepared speech to a large audience. He is at his best in a small group, talking earnestly and informally in his deeply-felt way: and there he is very good indeed. He talks in a compelling, almost inspirational, way, about things which he believes. He always relates the particular point at issue to a large principle, and it is that principle which he expounds most convincingly.

And he gets results, as the statesmen and military commanders of America's allies know perhaps even better than Americans, because he has practised it on them longer. This quality of Eisenhower's, which has had so much to do with Allied co-operation during and after the war, is now being brought to bear on the American political scene. The President firmly believes that there are no policy differences that cannot be settled by getting people into the same room, telling them the facts, and appealing to their best instincts. That is the way he worked in Europe, and he does not think that political differences in one country can be harder to resolve than the differences between fourteen.

In furtherance of this philosophy, President Eisenhower has embarked on a series of conferences with Members of Congress of both parties. He has a group of them around to lunch a couple of times a week. Before long he will have met every Member of Congress of both parties, and will have had a chance to exert his special brand of persuasion upon them. It is not so much what Mr. Eisenhower says in these sessions; it is the way he says it. A good example occurred last week, when he held a special briefing session for the highest-ranking Members of Congress. It was a solemn bunch of legislators who came out of the White House. 'We're in a hell of a fix!' said one. 'Grim' was the word the others used most. The reporters, sensing some new crisis perhaps, demanded to know what the President had told them that was new. 'Well', said Republican Senator Styles Bridges, 'there wasn't anything new'. 'No', the others agreed, 'he didn't tell us anything we didn't know before'. 'Well, what was it he said?' the reporters persisted. 'He accented the difficulties we face', said Senator Bridges. 'We must face up to the grim facts of life. We have a tough road ahead', said Speaker Martin. They all agreed that it had been a very sobering experience. Yet, by their own admission, President Eisenhower had not told them anything that they had not heard before from President Truman. But President Eisenhower had told them the facts of international life, which in all conscience are grim enough, in a way that invested them with new meaning and new urgency for the Congressmen.

'Moving Men to Agreement'

This ability of his, this ability to move men to agreement, is one of his great strengths, as the free world has reason to know. Whether it will work in the contentious atmosphere of Washington remains to be seen, but President Eisenhower thinks it will. He thinks that if you sit down, and, more specifically, if he sits down, and talks with men of good will, tells them the facts and impresses them with the seriousness of the situation, they will agree on a course of action in which all can join.

As James Reston of *The New York Times* said the other day, 'The great thing about Eisenhower is that he honestly believes that it is possible to get along with everybody, and does not believe in the inevitable conflict with anybody: not with the Russians, or with the Allies, or with his detractors'. That is the principle he is acting upon these days as he carries out his round of conferences with Members of Congress, telling them of the grim facts, convincing them of the danger, trying to reconcile his own party to the fact that the state of the world will not permit the Republicans to do all the things they had dreams of doing in their long years in the wilderness of opposition. Whether or not great issues can be consistently resolved by sheer force of personality is a question on which observers are already differing. But it is President Eisenhower's way, and it is a technique which has not been seen in American politics for many a year.—Home Service

The French Parliament and Ours: a Comparison

By E. R. THOMPSON, B.B.C. parliamentary correspondent

SINCE the war, the French have re-created their national parliament. Whether they have re-created it in exactly the right form remains one of the vexed questions of French internal politics. But that they have done so at all is in itself a remarkable fact, which we in this country do not always appreciate at its full value. We have had no experience of the need for making up a new constitution for ourselves from scratch. And when we see the French doing this, we tend to think that they are merely trying to imitate the institutions which we have been lucky enough to inherit ready-made from the past. And there is some truth in this. British parliamentary institutions are admired in France; and the French have tried, at various times, and in different ways, to imitate them. But if you go to France as an English visitor and actually see something of their politics in action, you can feel at once the deep differences that underlie things which seem on the surface to be the same in both countries.

I recently did this. In the course of a short stay in Paris I went once or twice to the National Assembly, and, being myself a close observer of our own House of Commons, I was able to make some comparisons. Of course, these were limited. I know very well from my own experience at Westminster that there are many things you cannot find out merely by sitting in the gallery. But I did come away with two broad impressions. It seemed to me that in France, parliament is both less imposing and more powerful than it is here.

Let me explain what I mean, first of all, by parliament being less imposing. The point came home to me first in a purely physical way. Buildings are material things, but they have been known to influence, and to reflect, the course of politics. And a fascinating political contrast could be worked out between the parliament houses of Paris and London. Each bears the name of 'palace'; and each occupies a magnificent riverside site. But these points of similarity only heighten the differences in atmosphere, style, and symbolic value, which distinguish the Palace of Westminster, on the bank of the Thames, from the Palais Bourbon, on the bank of the Seine.

The Palace of Westminster, vast, fabulous, romantic—preposterous if you like—is still unmistakably a

great building, and one of the sights of London. Big Ben is known all over the world. Its outline is a piece of picture writing, which can be read at the farthest corners of the earth. But who could draw an outline of the Palais Bourbon? If you approach it, as most visitors do, by way of the bridge leading from the Place de la Concorde, you see a fine piece of civic architecture, with a handsome classical façade fronting the Quai d'Orsay. But, in a capital so rich in splendour, the building as such does not assert itself. In fact, on its Corinthian portico are the words, *Assemblée Nationale*, in large gold letters. This is one of those little things that bring the Englishman up with a big jerk. Imagine the words 'House of Commons' written up in New Palace Yard! And yet that is just the point: the French do not feel towards this building as we feel towards our Houses of Parliament. They do not regard particular



The Palais Bourbon, home of the French National Assembly, and (below) the Assembly in session



political institutions as sacrosanct. They regard them as subject to change. This parliament of theirs, far from being a survival from antiquity, was voted into existence by a plebiscite in 1946. The name is up there, among other reasons, because it has been changed. Under the Third Republic it was the 'Chamber of Deputies'. And now, under the Fourth Republic, it is the 'National Assembly'. What could be more practical than to advertise the fact?

No doubt changes have been forced on the French. But their view of a constitution as something that can be made and re-made by an act of the general will is based on principle. It is essentially a rational view. And if you go round to the back of the Palais Bourbon, on the side away from the river, you will find where it comes from. For the classical façade, built in the time of the first Napoleon, is a show front, stuck on to give the appearance of a public building to what was originally just a very splendid private one. It was in fact the mansion of a great nobleman of the old regime, the Prince de Condé, a successor to the brilliant cavalry leader of Louis XIV. Standing here, amid courtyards of a peculiar elegance, you catch the atmosphere in which French democracy was born. It is pure eighteenth century. It came over me with something of a shock. At Westminster we walk always in the shadow of the past. Long continuity is implicit everywhere. At every turn you

meet a reminder of the medieval or the Puritan forces that shaped our parliamentary forms as they are to this day. But this was a temple of the Age of Reason. Where were the Middle Ages now? Not a vestige, not a trace! On the contrary, here was a repudiation of the Middle Ages, written in stone.

All this makes the French parliament less impressive to the French people than our parliament is to us. It takes away reverence and mystery. It removes the sense of cumulative wisdom which one feels in the House of Commons. But this does not mean that the National Assembly is, within the framework of the French system, relatively less important than the House of Commons. In fact, I received just the opposite impression.

Here, again, the physical gives a clue to the political. Once inside the Palais Bourbon—and it is easier for a stranger to get inside there than it is at Westminster—you feel an even more dramatic contrast. The Chamber is a great semi-circle, forty yards in diameter, with the galleries ranged round the circumference rather like boxes in a theatre. The place appeared to me vast. And I suppose, in fact, the little rectangular chamber of the House of Commons would be swallowed up in it. But what struck me, when I first saw it, was not so much the difference in size as the difference in seating. All the Deputies sit round the semi-circle, facing the centre; and there, on a raised platform, sits the President of the Assembly, overlooking the tribune, which is a sort of stone pulpit, from which the Deputies speak. It is a dignified scene. The benches are covered in dark red. They rise in ten tiers, and the back of each tier forms a desk for the people sitting behind. Stairways, like radii of the semi-circle, divide it into segments. In these the parties are ranged, from the Communists on the extreme left of the President, to the Gaullists and others on the extreme right. The benches are numbered off in separate places, and each Deputy has his own. Independents are allowed to fit themselves into the sector which they feel to be most in accord with their views.

All this is clear enough. But the two questions that at once arose in my mind, as soon as I saw it, were these: Where is the Government, and where is the Opposition? As soon as you ask these questions, you realise how completely the analogy with the House of Commons breaks down. For there simply are not, in our sense, a Government and Opposition in the Assembly at all. Ministers are there: they occupy the right-hand centre bench. They are the Government. But they do not fulfil anything like the role that Cabinets fulfil in the House of Commons. They are not a single party, controlling, through their own Whips, their own absolute majority; they are not in command of the time of the Assembly, and so of the order of business, as governments are here. And they do not act under the continual scrutiny of an opposing party, sitting together, and ready if necessary to come across and take over the reins of government. The French Assembly has no Opposition front bench. There is opposition, of course. But it comes from the shifting combinations of many parties. It may be one

thing today and another thing tomorrow. And it is not embodied on the floor: you cannot locate it.

The result is that, in the French Assembly, situations do not build themselves up between two solid, conflicting blocs, as they do with us. They build themselves round the tribune. The first thing I heard, when I entered the press gallery, was a statement by the Minister of Defence, M. Pleven, on the course of the war in Indo-China. I recognised its tone at once. It was the sort of measured, cautious report which comes frequently from Ministers in the House of Commons. But it was not made from the floor, and followed by a fusillade of Opposition questions, as it would have been here. It was made from the tribune, and followed by set speeches, also from the tribune. Clashes were sharp. Deputies flung reproaches at each other across the floor. But there was no feeling that the Minister was in command of a visible majority, and leading it against an opposing minority. In fact it was always the Assembly itself, as a whole, that seemed to be in command.

This is what I mean when I say that the French parliament, though less impressive as a national institution, is at the same time more powerful than ours. It dominates government. When you see this semi-circle, with its many parties, ranging by gradual degrees from left to right, you realise that this is not, as we are too apt to suppose, simply our system in a state of disintegration, but a different structure. Its natural climate cannot be anything but coalition: and its collective personality must be stronger, in proportion as party is weaker.

Apart from these broad conclusions, some incidental impressions remain in my mind. I remember the surprise with which I saw, during a debate on a colonial subject, a large sprinkling of coloured Deputies on the floor of the Assembly. There are a considerable number of these, directly representing French overseas territories in Africa and Asia. I thought their contribution to the debate was impressive. I have never liked the idea of desks, and having seen Deputies absorbed in their correspondence or even reading newspapers on the floor of the chamber, I am more sure than ever that the House of Commons is right in not allowing anything of the kind. And I do not like to see people other than members on the floor. In the French Assembly the shorthand writers of the official report stand round the base of the tribune. No doubt that is the best place for them to catch interruptions, which they certainly report with great skill. But I still feel the House of Commons gains by keeping the floor strictly reserved.

Before I left Paris, I was shown a copy of the monumental work of M. Eugène Pierre, which is the standard book on French parliamentary procedure. I found this strangely moving. It is so like our corresponding book, the revered 'Erskine May'. And it shows how, in spite of revolution, France has quietly profited by precedents handed down from one regime to another. We tend to overlook the political wisdom which she has shown in doing this. Perhaps the French are not always fully conscious of it themselves.—*Home Service*

The U.N. General Assembly Resumes

By BERNARD MOORE, B.B.C. United Nations correspondent

THE adjourned seventh session of the United Nations General Assembly which has just opened in New York will be an unusual meeting, a rump session in fact. A normal session faces an agenda of some seventy items, many of which are non-political in character, and therefore splits up into seven main committees, each handling its appropriate subject. But this time nearly all the left-over items from the uncompleted session before Christmas will be concentrated in the Political Committee, which will resume its work where it left off a day or two before Christmas. So far, the Assembly has only nine items on its agenda. I say 'so far', because at least one other item may be introduced: some delegations are understood to have instructions to bring up the question of alleged anti-Semitic activities in the Iron Curtain countries.

Obviously foremost in importance is the question of Korea. Technically, the position is that the appeal made by the Assembly before Christmas, for acceptance of its solution of the prisoner-of-war question, has been rejected by the North Koreans and by the Chinese Government in Peking. But, to judge from talks with delegates here, there seems to

be fairly general agreement that the prisoner-of-war question has now become secondary and that the discussions are likely to range over a larger and more general field. For since the Assembly adjourned before Christmas, a great deal of water has flowed beneath the bridges. The new Eisenhower Administration has withdrawn the protection of the 7th Fleet from the Chinese mainland, and the possible consequences of that action, despite Mr. Dulles' assurances as to American intentions, are clearly causing grave concern to many United Nations members. Then there is persistent talk still about blockading the Chinese coast, and here again it is clear that assurances have by no means dispelled the doubts and worries of some delegates.

Without going into too many details, the position as it is seen here in New York is that frequent declarations in Washington that the United States is determined to take the initiative in breaking the deadlock in Korea, with the implication that this could result in an extension of the Korean conflict, have alarmed a large body of United Nations members. The temper of the Assembly on this question was clearly indicated in the first half of the session, when the general body of

opinion was obviously in favour of the moderate resolution introduced by India. The fact that this moderate resolution found no favour in North Korea and Peking might seem, to some extent, to justify a tougher attitude by the United States, which in fact accepted the Indian resolution with great reluctance. But that does not alter the fact that there is a marked reluctance among delegates to embark on any new, brave adventures or to give endorsement to any new, brave adventures in the name of the United Nations. It is not without significance that the active Arab-Asian group has had two meetings already to discuss its line of action and has decided to defer a decision until it is learned what new proposals, if any, the United States has to make.

Another unknown factor in the situation is Mr. Vishinsky. For this rump session it was thought unlikely that the Great Powers would send their Foreign Ministers. Indeed, the idea was that it should be handled by the permanent delegates here at headquarters. But three or four weeks ago it became known that Soviet Russia's Foreign Commissar would head the Soviet delegation: and who knows what surprises he may have up his sleeve? In these circumstances Mr. Dulles will certainly come up from Washington and, if only because he will be in the United States at the time, we shall see Mr. Eden some time in March. For the rest of the session Sir Gladwyn Jebb will head the United Kingdom delegation.

New American Team

The position of the United States delegation at these resumed meetings is going to be particularly interesting to watch. The hesitancy and indecisiveness of the meetings before Christmas stemmed to a large extent from the fact that a delegation representing a defeated Administration would not, because it could not, play a very definite part. Now, with the new Administration firmly in the saddle, and with public, if not official, insistence on a positive policy and positive action, there are evident misgivings that the policy and the action might be too positive for some United Nations members to stomach. So delegates will be watching anxiously the almost entirely new team that will represent the United States. Mr. Foster Dulles replaces Mr. Dean Acheson at its head; Mr. Lodge, the new permanent delegate, takes the place of Mr. Warren Austin, who has retired to his apple orchards in Vermont.

The decision of the Arab-Asian group to wait before deciding on its policy over Korea may well prove to be a wise one. For there are strong indications that the Assembly will be in no hurry to touch on Korea at the beginning and will deal with other items first. This would not be surprising, for a delay would provide an opportunity for behind-the-scenes discussion and negotiation.

What are the other items before the Session? To begin with, there is the report of the Disarmament Commission which is bound to provoke a long—if not perhaps very lively—debate. It will be surprising, indeed, if, under this heading, we do not hear revived the familiar rejected Cominform proposals for immediate prohibition of atomic weapons, a one-third cut in the arms and forces of the Great Powers, and so on. It will be surprising, too, if in present circumstances, the debate leads to anything more than an endorsement of the Commission's report and a continuation of its existence. But the debates will have to take place first. The Assembly has also to deal with the report of the Collective Measures Committee, and although this is not directly connected with the Korean conflict, some observers believe that under this item the United States may urge greater participation by more United Nations members in the collective efforts to maintain peace and security in Korea. Then there is a familiar complaint from the Cominform side; it is a revival of a similar complaint made in Paris in 1951—that the American Mutual Security Act authorises interference, sabotage and subversion in the countries of the Cominform group. And Poland has asked for discussion of an old proposal for condemning the aggressive North Atlantic bloc and for a peace pact between the Great Powers.

The United States, on its side, has asked the Assembly to approve a United Nations investigation into charges of germ warfare in Korea and China—a proposal which was vetoed by the Soviet Union in the Security Council. And Greece has complained that some 3,000 Greek soldiers are still being detained in Communist countries. It looks as though this Greek item will be taken first by the Political Committee.

Apart from these strictly political issues there are two what might be called domestic problems for the United Nations, both highly important questions at that. One is the selection of a new Secretary-General; the other, the highly controversial issue of so-called subversive activity inside the United Nations Secretariat. On the first question I should recall that Mr. Trygve Lie, who was appointed the first Secretary-General of

the United Nations for five years in 1946, had his term of office extended against strong protest from the Soviet Union until February of next year. However, during the first half of this session Mr. Lie resigned and asked that his successor should be chosen forthwith. That is easier said than done, for the appointee has to be approved by all five permanent members. It may be that this Assembly will not be able to find a successor and Mr. Lie has intimated that he will remain on in office until one is found. But as his extended period expires early in 1954, something will have to be done about it this year.

In practice the Assembly is powerless to act until the Security Council has made a recommendation, so, in any case, the first step would presumably be private talks between the five permanent members. Names mentioned freely so far are those of Mr. Lester Pearson of Canada, who is President of this Assembly; Mr. Entezam of Persia, and—not so frequently now—General Romulo of the Philippines. Mr. Pearson, who was a candidate in 1946, would undoubtedly receive widespread support, but whether he will get the essential backing of the Soviet Union is another matter; for he failed to get it in 1946 and since then he has been active in the affairs of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. But there are persistent reports that nevertheless the Soviet delegation has been dropping hints that Mr. Pearson might be acceptable.

Whoever succeeds Mr. Lie will be confronted with one extremely difficult task: the restoration of the morale of the International Secretariat, which on all sides is agreed to be distressingly low. There are many reasons which have contributed to this, but matters have been brought to a head by developments relating to alleged disloyalty and subversion among American members of the Secretariat. That is why the ninth item on the Agenda of the resumed session is entitled 'Report of the Secretary-General on Personnel Policy'. To cut a long story short, within the past few months a score of American officials have been dismissed in connection with enquiries by official United States bodies into alleged disloyalty and subversive activities. Two very senior officials have also resigned as a direct outcome of the enquiries. All 1,600 American officials of the Secretariat are now being investigated by the American authorities, after having been fingerprinted here at the United Nations headquarters. Fingerprinting, in the United States, is a common form of identification, but the fact that the operation was carried out in the international headquarters has caused comment.

I ought to say that no specific charges of disloyalty or subversion have in fact been brought against the officials concerned, and many delegates say that they can see no evidence to support the statement by a Federal Grand Jury that there has been infiltration into the United Nations of an overwhelmingly large group of disloyal United States citizens: or, as has been publicly stated, that the United Nations has become a nest of spies. They point out that there would not be much point in this, for there is very little information involving security considerations that comes into the building, and what little there is goes into the hands of only the very top officials. In fact, if you ask round the lobbies, you will find that few people, in what are commonly called United Nations circles, take these unsupported charges of spying very seriously. But charges of disloyalty fall into a different and less clearly defined category, for although membership of the Communist Party is not a criminal offence under American law, it has been officially established that membership—sometimes membership in the past—implies loyalty to a foreign power. Put briefly, the United States Government claims, and Mr. Lie has agreed, that all American members of the Secretariat must be approved as loyal to their own country.

A Possible Conflict of Loyalties

There is obviously a great deal to be said for this point of view, but it does introduce complications into the delicate structure of the Secretariat, whose members, coming from sixty countries, all take the oath that they will not seek or accept instructions from any government or authority external to the organisation. Suppose, for example, that Ruritania were found guilty of aggression and sanctions were applied by the United Nations, what should be the attitude of a Ruritanian member of the Secretariat? My country right or wrong, or loyalty to the international organisation?

It is perhaps easy to over-simplify this highly complicated problem which revolves round questions of law, of diplomatic practice, and of divided loyalties, but the coming discussions on personnel policy are regarded by most delegates as highly important. Indeed, it was because of the misgivings over the issues involved, which delegates expressed in the first part of the session, that the problem was included as the ninth item on the agenda of this second half.—*Home Service*

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Britain and Egypt

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 13d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Education Today

IN a series of four broadcast talks (the first of which we publish today) the High Master of Manchester Grammar School courageously tackles the subject: 'What is a "democratic education"?' Speaking for a dying aristocracy during a debate on the second Reform Bill, Lord Sherbrooke said in effect 'we must educate our masters'. So compulsory elementary education was finally established in 1880 to serve the needs of democracy and is now only just over seventy years old. Even then, Mr. Butler's Education Act of 1944, sponsored, it should be remembered, by an all-party government, was the first to create a national policy in education and the first serious attempt to make the educational ladder complete. Yet even that Act had to be a compromise, to some extent accepting things as they were rather than manufacturing a perfect blue print, for both the church schools and the so-called 'public schools' were allowed, if they wished, to preserve much of their independence. Is the new system making for democracy? That depends on what is meant by democracy, for everyone will define that elusive concept in a different way. Dr. Eric James would appear to look at democracy in terms of the standards of the French Revolution—liberty, equality and fraternity.

What then is liberty in education? Is it liberty for the teacher or liberty for the child? The typically British compromise embedded in the Act of 1944 has certainly left a good deal of liberty to the schools if only because they are not all the servants of one or the same master. Though the Act set up for the first time a Ministry of Education, our schools are not simply the organs of an all-powerful state. Yet local education authorities are very largely the rulers in their own houses and can often make or mar the life of a child born within their boundaries. What of the liberty of the child? Here in this country at least no authority can seriously impinge on the spheres of the teacher and parent, though teacher and parent are liable to blame each other when things go wrong. But between them they can presumably elect to be either harsh disciplinarians or advocates of the doctrine that 'the child is always right'. Dr. James argues, however, that neutrality is impossible: some kind of guidance or control is inevitable; otherwise liberty degenerates into licence.

Far trickier than the question of liberty is that of equality. Critics of the existing system ask how there can be equality of opportunity in education so long as parents can buy their children places in independent schools or universities, if they can reach a certain minimum standard. But leaving that aside, is there real equality when, in order to move up to the top of the educational ladder, every child must endure the hazards of a series of competitive examinations? Those who say 'let us abolish examinations' do not find it easy to suggest an alternative. For interviews and psychological tests can be just as hazardous to the nervous child as a written examination. Finally, so long as difference in social status exists, fraternity in schools presents its special problems. Parents who make heavy sacrifices to procure the most expensive education for promising children sometimes experience the bitterest of disappointments or disillusionments. Education, in brief, is full of pitfalls and its problems are not so able by catch-phrases. Ultimately no doubt each headmaster or teacher has to work out his own scheme and approach. At any rate for those who believe in liberty the kernel of the problem would seem to be to ensure that those who dedicate their lives to teaching should be enabled to work in conditions where they can give of their best.

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT on the Sudan continued to occupy the attention of many commentators. From Egypt itself many newspapers were quoted as welcoming the agreement and at the same time calling for the early evacuation of British troops from the Canal zone. One Egyptian newspaper was quoted also for the following hint to the French:

The echo of the Sudan agreement will be deeply felt in North Africa and will have its impact on the French attitude at the United Nations. . . . The day is not far off when the flag of freedom will fly over the African continent.

From India, many papers were quoted as welcoming the Anglo-Egyptian agreement. The *Indian Express* was quoted as follows:

Mr. Eden can be said to have performed an act of statesmanship as timely and as mutually beneficial as Mr. Attlee's winding-up of the Indian Empire.

The Turkish radio saw an excellent atmosphere now existing between Britain and Egypt, and praised the governments of both countries for their realism. It also looked forward to the conclusion of an agreement on middle east defence. From Australia, the *Courier Mail* was quoted as saying that Australia will expect to be consulted in regard to the negotiations about the future of the Canal zone. In both world wars, it pointed out, Australia made a major military contribution to the defence of the Canal, which has proved to be a vital link in the global defence of the Commonwealth.

According to Moscow radio, quoting *Izvestia*, the Anglo-Egyptian agreement 'reflects a considerable weakening of the British position and a corresponding strengthening of the American position'. According to *Pravda*, the agreement was negotiated by the American Ambassador to obtain a foothold for the United States in the Sudan. The object of these alleged American manoeuvres, according to a transmission by *Tass*, was 'so that America could retain Arab oil and turn the Arab countries into an auxiliary of the aggressive Atlantic Pact'.

A Cairo broadcast on Arab-Israel relations in the light of the Soviet break with Israel stated that while this breach must give Arabs 'the greatest satisfaction' they would be 'very wrong to wish for Russia to lean to their side in connection with the Palestine question'. The Soviet Union, it said, would give the Arabs no support 'except to the extent of the price it obtains from them to achieve its own interests'—a price which 'the Arabs are naturally not prepared to pay in any event'. A Damascus broadcast in Arabic maintained that the Arab reaction to the 'appeals, warnings, and invitations to join this camp or that' in the struggle between east and west was:

The Arab world stands firm, preserving its sobriety, calmness, and strong will, disdaining the mentality of the one and the other . . . The Arab peoples . . . will look to their national interest alone and on that basis alone establish their relations and consolidate their friendship.

A Damascus broadcast in Hebrew accused Mr. Ben Gurion of propagating the suggestion that the Soviet Union would support the Arab States in a war against Tel Aviv and of trying to 'convince the Western Powers that the entire Arab world is Communist and pro-Russian'. The broadcast retorted with the allegation that 'the majority of Jews, even those living in America, are Communists and traitors'. Did the Tel Aviv government not know that 'the Arab States do not need the aid of the Communists when they are determined to suppress the immigrant state'? Broadcasts from Israel maintained that the Soviet breach was part of a prepared plan. An Israel broadcast in Hungarian commented:

The latest anti-Jewish measure of the Soviet Government is addressed, first to Jewry, and not to the Israeli Government. The fate of 2,500,000 Jews is at stake. . . . The fire of longing for Zion still burns with a high flame in them. This fire could be more easily extinguished by permitting them to emigrate to Israel than by breaking off diplomatic relations.

Meanwhile, the attacks on Zionists and spies continued in broadcasts from the Soviet world. A typical example came from Budapest radio:

The Slansky trial and the unmasking of the terrorist group of doctors in Moscow serve as a warning that the enemy is mad with hatred, deploying its depraved agents—professional criminals, fascists, Zionist spies and other bourgeois nationalists and traitorous Social-Democrats—against the free countries, Hungary included.

Did You Hear That?

THE PUZZLE OF INFLUENZA

'INFLUENZA', said a doctor in the Home Service, 'is one of the most puzzling diseases known to man. If we limit the term, as I think we should, to an illness in which the virus can be recovered, then influenza apparently clean disappears for many months of the year. During these months people have short febrile illnesses, but no influenza virus can be obtained from them. Then, usually in late December or early January, every second or third year the virus reappears rather suddenly, sometimes in a number of different places at once, and an epidemic starts. One epidemic—that of 1949—started suddenly, of all places, in Sardinia. It next appeared in Sicily and Italy, and then spread over a large part of Europe, including Britain, and even got to Iceland.

'There are puzzles enough here. What happens to the virus between the epidemics? Why does an epidemic flare up suddenly, and apparently in several places at once? But influenza can do more startling things than that. Many people will remember the so-called "Spanish Flu" of 1918-1919 (which incidentally had nothing to do with Spain), when the disease blazed up into a world-wide epidemic or pandemic as it is called, changed in character to something far more serious than the ordinary influenza we are seeing now, and killed off, it is estimated, some 15,000,000 people in a year or so. The last great pandemic before that started in Bokhara in Central Asia in 1889, and was known as the "Russian Flu".'

'Ever since the virus was isolated in 1933, attention has been given to the possibility of immunising people against the disease by means of a vaccine of some kind. It seems that there is a good prospect that vaccines can now be prepared against the strains responsible for the more definite epidemics, and that such vaccines will increase people's resistance to these strains for about a year'.

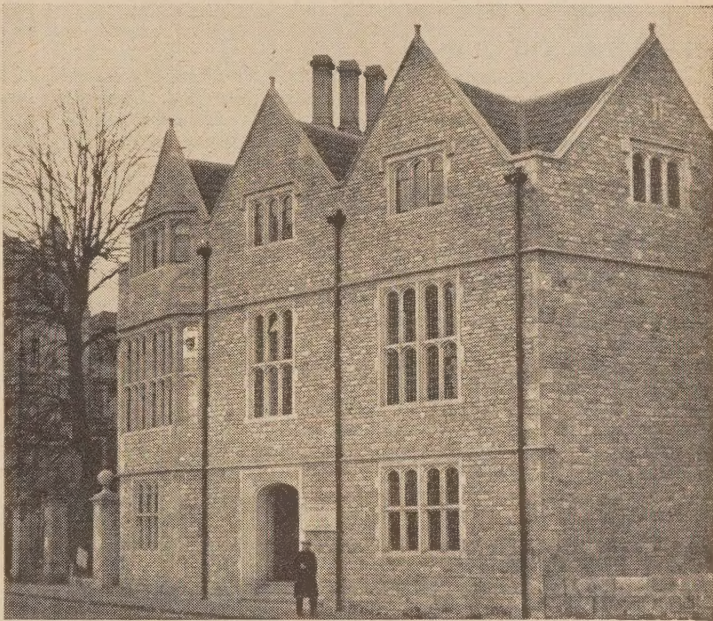
AN ELIZABETHAN BUILDING IN BATH

In Bath, famous for its Georgian and Roman architecture, the Mayor has reopened one of the city's very few Elizabethan buildings—the Abbey Church House. In 1942 the front of the house was shorn off by a bomb, and the rest of the building badly damaged. Now, after ten years, it has been rebuilt and restored. STUART WYTON, a B.B.C. reporter, described it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'This house', he said, 'has been almost everything it is possible for a house to be in the 380 years since it was built for Edward Clark, who belonged to an old Somerset family, and whose arms, elaborately carved and richly coloured, you can see today over the fire-place in the Great Room. From the Clarks the mansion passed to another great family, the Hungerfords, and it is said that in the seventeenth century Sir Walter Hungerford used the immensely long

upper room as a barracks for retainers of the King's Party.

'In those days it was known as Hungerford House, but, as time went on, it changed its name almost as often as it changed hands. "Mrs. Saville's Lodgings near the Hot Bath" was one name, and during the regime of Mrs. Saville, Princess Mary, a daughter of George II, stayed there, and so did Princess Caroline, afterwards Queen of Denmark. Alexander Pope was another visitor. Then, in turn, the house became



Abbey Church House, Bath, which has been restored

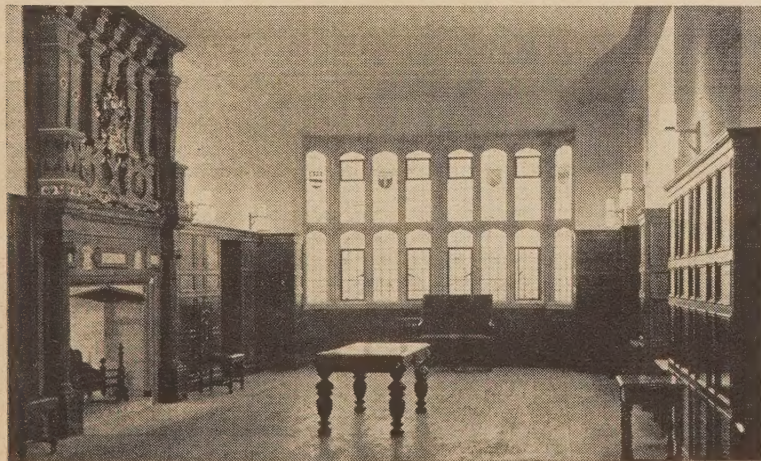
the meeting place for an agricultural society, a school of art, the headquarters of a temperance society, a propaganda centre for the Mormon Church, a cabinet-maker's workshop and a grocers' warehouse. Indeed, it was not until the end of the last century that it was leased to the Church authorities and was called Abbey Church House.

'The work of restoration has taken two years to complete. The aim of the architect and the builder, and the stone-masons and craftsmen—all local men, by the way—has been to try to get the house looking as it did two centuries ago. I was able to see for myself how successful they have been by comparing the restored house as it is today, with its high gables and mullioned windows, with some old prints and drawings. The architect and builder salvaged all the wood and stone they could get from the bombed building to use again. And, where that was not possible, they searched the city for materials that would blend in well. They have done all this so skilfully that in the panelling of the Great Room, for instance, I could not tell where the old timbers end and the new ones begin'.

BRIGHTER CRICKET

NEVILLE WEBBER, a New Zealander, recently watched a game of cricket in Samoa and described it in 'Radio News-reel'. 'Games', he explained, 'are nearly always played between villages, and the night before the match there is always a great feast followed by dancing and singing.

'As to the cricket itself, there are no such things as M.C.C. rules. Teams vary from 25 players to 200 and more, and often include women and children; for a match is a real village occasion. Strict overs of six or eight balls are unknown: the bowler just keeps on bowling as long as the ball is returned to his end. Spin bowling and such devious devices as off-wicket bowling are despised. The idea is to



The Great Room of Abbey Church House, with the arms of Edward Clark over the fire-place

bowl at the wickets just as fast and accurately as possible. The fielders are led by a combination of captain and clown who keeps proceedings at a merry pitch by doing such unexpected and uncrickey-like things as turning a couple of cartwheels—which all his team must emulate.

'The batsman wears neither pads, gloves, nor boots. He must make a definite strike at every ball. It is a strict, though unwritten, rule that blocking is not cricket. To make the runs, the fleetest youths in the village are employed to race up and down a parallel pitch. The moment a man is out the next batsman leaps to the crease, for if he is not there within a couple of seconds the bowler may bowl his wicket over. The game may go on for a day, two days, or a week. And then, when it is all over, more feasting, dancing, and singing. "Your New Zealand cricket", repeated one of my Samoan friends, "ah, it is too slow for us. Such a sad game. It is because of these M.C.C. rules, I fear".'

HERBS FOR THE JUDGES

A. L. LAISHLEY spoke about the York Assizes in the North of England Home Service. 'Whenever Her Majesty's Judges sit at York', she said, 'two Commissions of Assize are read, one at the City Council Chamber, for the City Assize, and one at York Castle, for the County Assize, and although the ceremony at the Council Chamber lasts only a short time, it is an ancient privilege and nobody would like to do away with it.

'There is another rather pleasant little ceremony before the actual commissioning. The two judges leave their residence in Lendal nearby and go to the Mansion House where they are greeted by the Civic Party. And then the Lady Mayoress presents a small silver casket of herbs to each judge, a custom which is now little more than a gesture but which was once really necessary. In the old days, gaols were foul places. The air, and often the prisoners, too, smelt rather stale.

'There was also the danger of catching gaol fever. But in spite of all this the poor judge was expected to sit in court and try one prisoner after another—without much chance of a breath of fresh air. And so, before he went to York Castle to commission the County Assize he was presented with a little casket of sweet smelling herbs so that if the air—and the prisoners—became particularly foul, he could at least bury his sensitive legal nose in the herbs from time to time and sniff something more to his fancy. Today, both the silver caskets and the herbs are always bought in the City.

'When the judges arrive at York Castle two heralds announce their coming. That's the only bit of pageantry left in connection with their arrival. But until a few years ago the judges always went to the Castle in state, with mounted police to prepare the way for them. They were a fine sight in their carriage, drawn by horses, and with five attendants at each side, each one carrying a halberd.

'Among the immense collection of civic plate there is a splendid silver centre-piece which was given to the City many years ago. It has a domed canopy, on the top there is a figure of mercy, and below justice stands with her scales and a sword. It is a lovely piece of workmanship and thousands of visitors to York must have seen it in the Mansion House. Whenever a judge takes a meal at the Mansion House it stands in the centre of the table to remind him that he must dispense justice with mercy'.

FOXES AS BABY-SITTERS

Describing foxes as baby-sitters in 'Open Air', EVELYN CHEESMAN said: 'I was watching the cubs tussling and chasing one another round and round on the ground which they had worn quite smooth with their romping. They are graceful as kittens, lithe, and so agile, leaping and dodging on their little slender legs, looking as though they were in trim black silk stockings.

'One of them found a toad and they had a great game with it. Possibly the toad did not enjoy it as much as they did: they passed it round, flung it into the air, or into the bushes where they had to hunt for it again, pushed it about with their noses to make it hop till there was not much life left in the poor beast. Two of the high-spirited

youngsters had a fierce set-to which I think was over the toad, while the other two stood in front of them and yapped loudly, perhaps encouraging the fight. There was more noise than usual, and it must have been heard outside the wood, for an excited dog rushed barking through the gate at the lower end and tore along the central path.

'I saw him plainly, a large wire-haired terrier which I recognised at once. He was a bane to those earths, because he was known to harry the foxes though he had not enough pluck to tackle badgers. For a moment I had half a mind to come down from the tree where I was to drive him away from the earths, now that the parents were both away. I hesitated only from fear of giving away my watching post. I need not have worried, however: the cubs were not unguarded after all. I had no idea that there were any mature foxes anywhere near, but all in a moment the wood seemed alive with foxes.

'I saw a fox come out of the underbrush behind the dog and bark at him. He stopped and chased it into the bushes; then another barked farther down the middle path, and the dog went after that. This may have taken the enemy nearer the earths than was wise, because a third fox at once gave a defiant challenge near the gate, which brought the dog back to the spot where he had entered the wood and there was another sharp bark of a fox from the meadows outside. I located four distinct barks so far apart that they must have been made by different individuals, and goodness knows how many more foxes might have been interested on-lookers on that occasion. The dog was successfully lured away and I heard him racing in full cry down the meadows until the noise died away in the distance.

'One of these sitters might possibly have been the father of the cubs. I had seen him going away early in the evening but he could have returned. The others were certainly outsiders, possibly relatives, some amiable aunts or uncles taking a turn at baby-sitting. The only one I saw plainly was rather small and light coloured. It was a most clever and effective manoeuvre. The foxes between them had stopped the dog on its way to the earths, enticed it in another direction, then deliberately led it right away down the meadows, probably showing themselves at intervals to keep up the excitement of the chase until the dog had forgotten the cubs altogether'.

'THEM 'AT HEZ NOWT IS NOWT'

'I'm thankful every day for the refreshing cheer that comes from Northcountry humour', said F. AUSTIN HYDE in 'The Northcountryman'. 'For the past twenty-two years it has been my good fortune to live surrounded by the homely accents of the North Riding dialect.

'In the barber's shop in Pickering I heard a man, more than a little thin on top, say, "Ah weshes my feace a deal further back than Ah used ti do", and then he told of another who said, "Ah allus weshes my feace wi' my cap on, 'cos if Ah didn't Ah sh'dn't know wheer my feace finished!" There, too, I heard of a man who had sold his pig and had not been paid for it. As time went on it became abundantly clear that he was not going to be paid for it, and he was annoyed. "By gaw", he said, "if Ah'd ha' knawn 'at he was niver gine ti pay me for it, Ah'd ha' chairged him twice as mich!"

'There is much of this strain, comparable with the Irish, in Yorkshire humour, as with the man giving advice which might almost be a slogan for the National Savings Movement: "You'll notice 'at nobbut you save summat when you ha'e summat, you'll find out 'at you ha'e summat when you come ti ha'e nowt!"—which, in its turn, recalls the saying in our Yorkshire Dialect Society's gramophone record: "Them 'at hez nowt is nowt, if they'd been ow't they'd ha' had summat!" In the street I heard a small boy in a battle of words with another say, "Thee fight? Thee couldn't fight thy way out of a paper-bag!" And I like the story of the old lady who, at the time of spring cleaning, said, "Oh dear, oh dear! Ah've that many things ti do Ah doan't know which ti do fust! Ah think Ah'll sit doon an' have a rest, an' than *that'll* be done!"'



The silver centre-piece at the Mansion House, York

America's Mounting Crime Problem

By CROSWELL BOWEN

THE Federal Bureau of Investigation reports that there was a 6.4 per cent. increase in crime during the last six months on a nation-wide basis, according to statistics compiled in Washington. These facts show a flaw in our national picture which is a matter of continuing and grave concern to our sociologists and law-enforcement officials here. J. Edgar Hoover, who directs our Federal law-enforcement agency, continually calls attention to our mounting crime problem. Congressional committees in Washington are set up at intervals to look into crime conditions where they appear to be most predominant—generally in our large cities. Sociologists and historians, who take a longer view of our crime problem, explain our lack of law observance on the grounds that we are not too far distant, in time, from the days of the frontier—when a cowboy shooting up a saloon or shooting at a sheriff or U.S. marshal was the order of the day; when farmers, settling their newly staked out land claims, resolved their disputes over boundaries and water rights—or women—with shotguns or rifles.

Students of our national life point to the inevitable growing pains attendant upon our constant assimilation of people from all over the world with widely divergent customs and ethical values. They remind us that our rapid growth, the speeding up of our tempo of living, the increasing tensions of our struggle to make more money, to own more material things, together with the rumours of wars, must inevitably inflict us with this sort of serious sociological growing pain. It was Henry Adams who predicted that, as our civilisation matured, its tempo would increase in almost geometric proportions. Then there are explanations having to do with our more recent patterns. Prohibition, it is said, created an atmosphere of law violation even among otherwise law-abiding citizens. Worse, it created a generation of men who, for more than a decade, knew no other way than bootlegging for earning their living. With the end of that means of livelihood, they found other channels for their skills: gambling, bookmaking, the operation of slot machines, dope peddling, and prostitution.

Our religious leaders tend to have the most uncomplicated answer. They say, in print and from their pulpits, that ours is an age of evil; that the struggle between good and evil goes on continually but that today evil is in the ascendancy. If violence and killing are part of our life, as they were during the war, why, it is asked, should they not carry over into our post-war life? I have even heard police officers say they agree with this view of the continuing war between the forces of good and evil. Were it not for our police, they say, the criminal population would take over our society completely. Certainly, our moral values have been blunted. Just this week one of our most distinguished ministers, the Rev. Doctor Ralph Sockman, said: 'We are impressed and dismayed by the interlocking directorates of the criminal elements, as we see how

police, politicians, and labour bosses may often be leagued together. We cannot counteract such combinations with divided religious forces. The time has come for the leaders of the Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish faiths to meet and plan a united front for the cleaning of our city'.

Actually, our war on criminals is effective. Ninety-five per cent. of our murders are solved, as are three quarters of our assault and rape. Last year there were no lynchings. Seventy-two per cent. of those we arrest are under eighteen and twenty-nine per cent. of those caught stealing are under twenty-one. This is our juvenile delinquency problem about which we are so deeply concerned here.

Equally disturbing to us is the mounting evidence that not only is there highly organised crime in the United States, but that it exerts control in local and state government. Only recently a special crime commission was set up in New York State for the purpose of looking into 'the relationship of organised crime and any unit of government anywhere in the state'. People are becoming more and more aware of this kind of unholy alliance, and the prestige of our government officials suffers. As Adlai Stevenson said during the recent campaign: 'That "politics" and "politicians" have become words of disrepute and abuse—epithets, if you please, instead of words of honour and respect, I find not surprising, but very sad, in a democracy governed by the governed'.

To be very specific about what is meant by the tie-up between organised crime and government, I am going to ask you to imagine a paunchy, jewelled, florid-faced, expensively dressed, sixty-one-year-old man of Irish descent whose wealth is said to be as high as 100,000,000 dollars. He and his work have been called, in magazine articles and radio programmes, 'The Nation's Nightmare'. And he is known colloquially as 'Mr. Big'. His enterprises include sand and gravel concerns, transportation lines, concrete-mixing concerns, oil companies, a stevedoring concern, truck companies, barge companies, and his contracts bring him in some 20,000,000 dollars a year. He controls the entire waterfront of one of our large seaports. Recently questioned, it

was revealed that 'Mr. Big' had had most of his records burned. He could not account for 1,000,000 dollars paid out in cash by one of his companies. Thirty murders have been indirectly connected with his enterprises. The stealing of merchandise passing through his harbour amounts to 4,000,000 dollars per year. He even controls the labour unions who work on his waterfront and drive his trucks. He once admitted to being a minor port authority. The police show a terrifying reluctance to enforce the law within his domain. And to add to the terror of this picture, 'Mr. Big' holds a position of influence in local government. Several times, he was put on official government commissions whose sworn duty it was to look into—of all things—the bad conditions on his waterfront.



Prisoners in the yard of Jackson prison, Michigan, with a state policeman training his gun on them: this photograph was taken during the riots last December, when some of the prison guards were held as hostages by the prisoners

When 'Mr. Big' goes to the expensive restaurants or night clubs or to the ringside of the big fights, he often has in his party the mayor and high city officials. Once, he was actually responsible for selecting the man to be mayor of a large city to run on the particular political party ticket which was sure to win. He contributes to all the campaign funds of all the political parties. In return, his oil company sells the city 100 per cent. of the oil and gasoline used by the city's transportation lines. His sand and gravel and cement concerns sell most of their products to the city. On the waterfront his word is law. Once, when asked by what authority he had prevented an opponent from making a speech, one of 'Mr. Big's' close friends and the same kind of person actually said, 'I am the law'. The influence of 'Mr. Big' even extends into the judiciary and the old saying is true in his domain: 'Better than knowing the law is to know the judge'.

You may well ask: Why do not honourable men—who would resist such degrading connections—run for elective office? Unhappily, too many citizens shy away from government service. 'Politics', they will tell you, 'is a dirty business'. However, we are making some headway in bringing the 'Mr. Bigs' to justice. As you know, our Federal Government, unlike your Government, cannot directly intervene in local law enforcement. There must be evidence of some Federal offence—such as narcotics or counterfeiting. But where local law enforcement agencies fail to act, the Federal Government often steps in and indicts 'Mr. Big' on the grounds that he has evaded paying all his Federal income tax. This may be a rather roundabout way to bring about justice, but it works. Al Capone, you may remember, was sent to gaol in this way. In a similar way we have recently used perjury to send important criminals to gaol.

We are also seeking to change the law under the Fifth Amendment which makes it possible for 'Mr. Bigs', when they are questioned, to say: 'I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may tend to incriminate or degrade me'. The Fifth Amendment was originally meant to keep a man from testifying against himself as a result of torture which was, according to Judge Morris Ploscowe, then prevalent in England. Judge Ploscowe suggests, and a bill has been introduced into our U.S. Senate, giving a witness immunity from prosecution for what may incriminate him, but forcing him, under penalty of contempt, to answer all other questions put to him.

Putting all the things I have told you together, you can, I hope, begin to see why officials of local and state governments protect our 'Mr. Bigs'. We have found a solution to this problem. High-minded, honest, leading citizens in many of our communities have set up privately financed crime commissions. In New York and California,

in Washington and St. Louis, in Kansas City, Baltimore, Miami, Florida, such groups are functioning smoothly and well. Recently, they organised themselves into the National Association of Crime Commissions. These groups hire their own investigators, their own lawyers, who gather and sift evidence of evil, of bribery and corruption. Sound evidence is then presented to prosecutors or grand juries with the hope of getting the local 'Mr. Big' indicted and gaoled. Such private crime commissions provide journalists like myself with verified background, facts, and figures about 'Mr. Big'.

And this brings me to America's approach to the basic causes of crime. We are a land of plenty. If slum housing and poverty and unemployment cause crime, why then do we have so much stealing, embezzling, shoplifting, and violence? I asked the probation director of our great Court of General Sessions here in New York recently, and he told me that sixty-five per cent. of the defendants who pass through his office came from broken homes. There is one divorce for every four marriages in this country at present. We are coming to think, as others in England and Europe think, that a criminal is mentally ill. Social-minded persons are urging that more psychiatrists and psychologists be attached to our juvenile and adult courts, to our schools, and orphanages, and hospitals. Great foundations, such as the Ford Foundation, are giving money to further studies in human behaviour.

We are studying the men in our prisons, who number some 165,000. Theoretically, we run our prisons to rehabilitate criminals. Our purpose, as Judge Saul Streit told me not long ago, is not to wreak vengeance on one who has offended society, but to rehabilitate him, to restore him to society as a useful citizen. But we are not doing the job very thoroughly—sixty-seven per cent. of those arrested have police records. There is, even in the best-run prisons, only one psychiatrist for every several thousand prisoners. The recent prison riots here reflect resentment by prisoners of the primitive and obsolete conditions of our prisons. Citizens seem to be reluctant to have their hard-earned tax money spent on prison welfare—but those of us interested in social welfare and the psychological reasons for crime continue to carry on the fight for more social workers, more marriage counselling clinics, and more adult education.

Finally, let me say that I do not think our picture is all black. Remember that the vast majority of us go to sleep at night as peacefully as you do. We leave our keys in our cars; we fall asleep on trains with our wallets exposed in our jackets, and no harm comes. More than half our total population belongs to churches, and the best selling book in the country is still the Holy Bible.—*Third Programme*

Down the East Coast of Spain—II

By V. S. PRITCHETT

NEAR the south-east corner of Spain and cooped into a hole at the bottom of violent mountains is the town of Almeria. There is a small haze of coal smoke over the blistering port; as they puff along, the light engines look too hot to touch. The rest of the town, in its pit of heat, is as stagnant as an old plum rotting in brandy, and is blinded by the intolerable flash of the sea. A large Moorish castle puts a sort of cut-out yellow crown upon the town, and from the towers one sees one is in Africa, not Europe, for the place is made up of single-storey houses with flat roofs—the 'prefabs' of the Orient. At midday they seem to be frying in the sun.

Stagnant, but once war-like, Murcia is the recalcitrant desert province of Spain, a place famous for black pigs, date palms, oranges, chillis, figs in its oases and esparto by the sea; and for mines, malaria, mosquitoes and cave dwellers; but in the south it is a mountain desert. Five or six miles' climb out of Almeria begins one of the most frightening landscapes in Europe, one of those dead, waterless, stagey regions, a wasteland that exhilarates the fantastic puritan eye. I am told that only Turkey can equal the sight. One soon leaves the last trees behind outside Almeria and the road climbs to several thousand feet over what seem to be the mud-coloured rumps of enormous elephants. There is no vegetation, not even a wiry grass. Things grow, they say, only once in seven years when the rain falls. The mountains were once

covered by pines but they were cut down for pit props in the days when mining prospered in Murcia, and occasionally one does see a tree a foot high; but in general one is looking at hide without a hair on it.

And then worse happens. These lumpish mountains open into an enormous amphitheatre—I guess some fifty miles across, it may be more—which I can only call chaos. Nature has died and only its spectre, geology, remains; one is among the craters of the moon. Rocks stick up like stalactites, the whirlwind seems to have twisted their tops, an ice age has carved their sides, the Great Flood has riddled them. It is the abandoned home of wind, fire, and water, cut into furrowed ravines and gorges that are like wounds, and though the very distant mountain walls are trembling and gassy in the sunlight, the near colours are all the colours of the steel knife or the bruised body or the bleached bone. Sometimes, as one drives by in the dust, one meets a rock tower that has some droll human quality and the joke is alarming. Here a giant was turned to stone. It is a joke in the crematorium of nature itself. No sign of a village. Yet one will pass a peasant crossing this place on a donkey and singing some flamenco song, or in the dried river bed there will be smoke of a fire where, minute as a flea, a lime burner will be working. Their solitude is dreadful to think of.

Down in the town of Almeria one thinks of this back country with unbelief. The hardest thing to remember is that, by and large, the

Spaniards are really mountain people and desert people, and that some part of their nature, even in the oiliest towns, has been formed by the obdurate in nature. It is not easy to remember this in Almeria. One sits on a chair in the street or on a rocker in the doorway, with thousands of other people, who would move if only the sun would allow them to collect their thoughts. There, under the awning of the thick, low South American trees—the Friso—they sit, not even talking; not in anything as positive as lethargy or even torpor, but in a state of earthen blank-mindedness. . . . They are flies drowned in syrup. If one were to start crossing the street one would be lost in the middle of it, trying to remember why one was crossing it. Yet, as I say this, I remember the blind men and women and children who passed, with that urgent step of those who cannot see: twenty-seven I counted, monkey-faced with poverty, in a quarter of an hour, and then gave up counting. Yes, they indeed move in a hurry. They suffer from trachoma, a disease of poverty, or, some say, caused by the fine needle-like fibres of the esparto grass.

The people of Murcia are poor, hostile, litigious. They were the last Arab pocket, a race of recalcitrants. Between the earth and the sky (their proverb says) there is nothing good in Murcia. Up in the castle the lean, stripped workmen stare, then down tools and come up truculently. 'Twelve pesetas a day—how can a man live on that? How can he feed his family?' It is said violently, sardonically, then with jokes and laughter, sudden shouting arguments among themselves. It is a kind of riot that blazes up and then suddenly goes out, and each man goes off singing on his own, to a hole he has found in the shade. They want to be left alone, then to blaze up like a match for a minute or two, and then to go out. They seem only to like fantastic ideas.

I remember two or three conversations which began absurdly and came to nothing. I used to sit a lot in the main street under the trees. There was a man in a chair nearby.

'Why are there so many police in this place?' I asked him. For, in one uniform or another, there were a good twenty in sight.

He turned his head slowly, considered for a long time and then slowly turned his head back. 'There are not many police', he said. Then the



Peasant girl from the province of Murcia, and (right) Murcian landscape

fantastic idea occurred to him: 'If you see police in the main street it is because a policeman is a man who lives for admiration. They gather here to enjoy their uniforms. For a policeman the middle of a town is a mirror'.

'Go on, go on', I encouraged him.

'Nothing', he said, 'nothing'. The fantasy had exhausted him and, like a dying cigar, he went out.

Or there was a lawyer standing in the doorway of a postcard shop, as dead as a doll. Suddenly



Inhabited cave-dwellings of Almeria

he blazed up; he jumped about and all his remarks were like kisses blown around to everyone. 'The world is become romantic', he said. 'Pessimism is going. There is joy. Everywhere', he said. 'In the heart', he said, pulling at his heart. 'In the spirit', he said, boring a finger into his ribs. 'In the mind', he said, pinching his eyebrows together with four fingers. 'I will give you an example. In the civil war I was put in prison. I was condemned to death. I saw my friends beaten and suffering, many were shot. Last year I went to the place where we had suffered. It was not horrible. It was a marvel. "Here", I said, "is where I lay, in this very corner. Here So-and-So died beside me, and here someone else was taken out and seen no more". And I was happy—not because I escaped, but because I lived it all again. I felt ecstasy. That is what the world has felt despite its suffering in these last fifteen years—exultation, a feeling that they are chosen. It is romantic. It is poetic'.

'And the dead?' I said, but the light was dying, the fantasy had gone.

'They're romantic, too', he said with a sort of delight.

He was a Fascist, of course, but there was a

Red bootblack who described the massacre of the refugees from Malaga, bombed and bombarded as they were hemmed in against the rocks of the corniche road. 'It was horrible', he said. 'But then there was also the sensation of excitement. That was pleasing'.

There is nothing naive about any Spaniard's Thinking about death or nothing, as they so often do, they record truthfully their astonishment at being on earth at all.

In the evenings in Almeria I used to listen to the sound of the horse cabs and watch the women walk by, for in this province the beauty of the women is famous. At five they come out and walk up and down in twos and threes, chaperoned by friends or by their maids. They wear their best clothes, their hair is perfectly done. It is the hour of the great Spanish sex-battle, the bird war of brilliant eyes that never meet the eyes of a man, that assume admiration as a right. For a moment to see so many beautiful women is a torture, but before long the senses and the heart catch the impersonal, dance-like spirit of the parade. Nor are these the rich of the town. One girl, the eldest of eight, came out dressed to kill from a shack on the beach where her hungry little brothers lived naked.

In Almeria one sees the formal oriental segregation of the sexes, for rarely was there a man with these women. And yet the impression is not of the Orient but of the Victorian age. One might be living in a novel of Mrs. Gaskell's. There is a severe facade of decorum, respectability, formality. Conventions are strict. There is the puritan coquetry, the dread of compromise. Compared with the French or the Italians, the Spaniards are noted for the monotony of their love affairs. Their courtships go on for years and, in that time, passion has to be distracted by a thousand pin-pricks. The small jealousies, the head tossings, the cross-question, the offence taken, the coldnesses, the demand for attentions, have to be skilfully kept up to keep the parties just on the boil. The wits of the women have to match the conceit of the man.

The scene which epitomises Spanish love for me is not the figure clamped to the grille of a window—anyway that has gone out now—but the sight of lovers in the park on Sunday afternoons. They may not easily meet at night. I do not say that this scene is true of all Spain: to each region its customs. One sees the lovers retire to a wide path where there is a thick hedge, carrying with them three chairs. These are couples of the poorer classes who are, mistakenly, thought to be freer than the

better off. The girl sits with her back to the hedge, the young man sits facing her, his knees about six inches from hers. Occasionally his hand tries to take hers; she quickly avoids this; there may be an accidental touch of the fingers and, if there is, the appalled lovers withdraw their hands at once. To touch is forbidden. And one sees why a dozen girls are behaving like this in a row—it is because of the third chair they have put beside them. That empty chair is the relic of the duenna. But by nine o'clock all the women have vanished and Almeria becomes, like all Spanish towns, a place of men. Only men in the *cafés*, only men walking in threes and fours under the palms. Here a crowd troop into the brothels, for the brothel is the reputable reality behind the respectability of Spanish love. The Spaniard distinguishes between love and sex.

It is most curious to hear in the still air nothing but male voices. A Chekhovian melancholy is in the place. The houses are like glass cases, and pleasant human curios, strange human stuffed birds, live inside. Footsteps echo for the whole length of a street; one might be walking on china. How the sounds carry! A blind pulled down shatters the whole town; one can hear a chair squeak on the pavement from a top-floor room. A man's ordinary voice rules a whole street; two voices sound like a riot. I remember that hall porter who, every quarter of an hour from two o'clock till six in the morning, cleared his throat and spat with a noise that outdid the uproar of the Spanish Angelus. His spit came down like iron. That night, too, there was a lottery seller, whose shouts went on hour after hour, street after street away, a man who could let out the news that he had only one ticket left with the lugubrious howl of a wounded animal. I remember two men across the square who appeared to be taking their families to pieces all night. Men alone; really, two impervious planets in accidental conjunction, bashing against each other.

And that is, I suppose, the truth about the first egotists of Europe. They are anarchists because they do not even notice that there is anything in the universe except themselves. It is very restful to find people who are often wretched, usually provincial up to the neck, but so completely and gravely themselves. They are wrong about everything (a westerner is likely to say), but about being a self they know everything. They know it as if the self were a sort of custom that can never be broken except by the final custom of death.—*Third Programme*

Flowers for her Grave

The commonplaces of the Spring

I bring:

Primrose with violet, pencilled anemone;

A wordless triolet

A child might have prepared

For Love's refreshment when he stared

At the astringent stars in warm Gethsemane.

These on the hopeless mound I lay,

And say:

'Now am I near to you, sweet irreplaceable,

Who was most dear to you;

Near to the loved—' but no!

That way no spark of thought must go.

Imagination shies from the unfaceable.

Yet here is no Gethsemane

For me:

Here where I brought her with sterner behaviour

Than grieving sought her with.

It's not among bland tombs,

But mostly in secretive rooms

I have sipped that cup once emptied by the Saviour.

Here all seems knowingly serene

And green;

Pointing, if distantly, grief towards gratitude;

Pointing persistently;

Till what the boughs proclaim,

Scribbled in shadows round her name,

Turns a life-sentence almost to beatitude.

Shadows of budding boughs are thrown

On stone.

As though they wrote for me, perfect in clarity,

A secret note for me.

'Gone away' they scrawl . . .

She was, in truth, not here at all,

But sent her bridal dress, as to a charity.

Delicious dress of her young form,

Once warm!

Subtle the fire of it—what joy we had of that!

Why must she tire of it?

I ask in tears; and yet

The helm of my tossed heart is set

On the one rescuing hope that she is glad of that.

She is. May Love arrange the rest

For best.

Simply I'll show to her, childishly, vernally,

How much I owe to her.

One day I must lie here . . .

When headstones lean to name us near

We lovers will have long moved house eternally.

LAURENCE WHISTLER

What is a 'Democratic Education'?

The first of four talks by ERIC JAMES

AS Socrates showed us over 2,000 years ago, one of the greatest obstacles to clear thought is our habit of using impressive words and phrases without stopping to think exactly what they mean. And it must be admitted that those of us who talk and write about education seem to be particularly liable to do this. One of our favourite phrases today is 'a democratic education' or 'an education for democracy,' or something like that, and we do not often realise how difficult such phrases are to define. In this, and the talks which follow, I want to discuss some of the very important questions which arise when we come to consider the relations between our belief in democracy and our educational aims and methods.

Effect on Society

Today we are all convinced that education has a profound effect on the kind of society that we produce. Sometimes I think we tend to overestimate the power of the teacher and the school; we are inclined to think that they can in fact do more to form people's beliefs and actions than perhaps they really can. Nevertheless, whatever idea we may have of what constitutes a good society, we will modify our education so as to try to produce it. If we want to create a totalitarian state, our education will be of one kind; if we are aiming at a democracy, it will presumably be different. Different kinds of society make differing demands upon the citizens who constitute them, and their educational systems will try to develop these various habits of mind and behaviour.

There is an initial difficulty in that the word 'democracy' itself, though we use it so often and so glibly, is far from simple in its meaning. When we use it, especially in educational contexts, we are apt to be like Humpty Dumpty, who, you remember, boasted that he could make words mean what he liked. Thus one well-known educational writer spoke some time ago about 'the contrast between the traditionally-minded teacher who instructs, judges, and advises, and the more democratically-minded teacher who believes that children have unrealised potentialities'. Here the word 'democratic' is taken as meaning something that excludes tradition, judgment, instruction and advice. And so others will mean by it an education which includes comprehensive schools, or the abolition of prizes, or free discipline, or whatever their particular enthusiasm may be. They are obviously stretching the meaning of the word 'democracy' a good deal; but actually, for most of us, it includes far more than the simple description of a particular form of government. So if we are to find out anything useful about the relationship between education and democratic beliefs, we must do our best to unravel some of the threads of thought that go to make up the word 'democracy' as we ordinarily use it.

The most important of these is probably a belief in the supreme value of individual liberty. The great revolutions of the eighteenth century, from which springs so much of our democratic thought, based themselves on the right of the individual to freedom. It has taken time for this emphasis on liberty, and this respect for the individual, to find their way into education. But in the last thirty or forty years, with growing impetus, these doctrines have changed the atmosphere of the majority of our schools. Two hundred years ago it was possible for John Wesley to say in a celebrated phrase: 'Break their wills betimes, whatever pains it costs, break the will if you would not damn the child'. That phrase shocks, or at any rate ought to shock, a contemporary teacher. The child is an individual, we say; we must help him to develop freely, and our aspirations find expression in the Declaration of Human Rights, where the phrase occurs: 'Education shall be directed to the full development of the human personality'.

It is beliefs such as this that tend to make our schools different, and I think better, places than they were fifty years ago, and this change is to be found in the majority of schools and not simply in those that advertise themselves as progressive. Just as we distrust authoritarianism in politics, so we distrust it in education. We are prepared to argue and reason with our pupils to a much greater extent than were the schoolmasters of the past. In good schools, at any rate, the headmaster is much more prepared to listen to the criticism and advice of his

colleagues than were the bearded Olympians who look down at us from the walls of our schools. The individual child is regarded far more as a person and less as one of a class, or as something pliable and amorphous to be moulded and fashioned into some predetermined shape. This change in the schools, that at its best replaces fear by respect and coercion by persuasion, I should count as pure gain.

But how far is this freedom, this democratic emphasis on the individual judgment, to be extended? There was a book published some time ago with the title *The Child is Always Right*, and the view that the child, even if not always right, should be given ever greater freedom to behave in ways which most adults would regard as silly, if not wrong, has gained a good deal of ground. In some schools, for example, children are allowed to choose what they want to learn, and whether they shall learn it; they are free to make many of their own rules and sometimes free to say whether they shall obey them. Is this degree of liberty necessary to produce citizens of a democracy; are we obliged to adopt such methods because we ourselves believe in freedom? If not, on what principles do we impose authority and what authority is it ultimately to be?

Before we try to answer those very difficult questions, let us look at our problem from another point of view. When the Declaration of Human Rights speaks of the full development of the personality, it is using a phrase that needs rather closer examination than it sometimes receives. For if we are honest we shall admit that every personality contains elements that are better not developed. We usually qualify the phrase; we hasten to explain: 'Ah! what we really mean is the full development of the *best* sides of the personality'. But as soon as we have done that, we are really saying that there must be a standard of judgment; we are envisaging the necessity for some kind of guidance and control. The teacher or the parent is no longer purely neutral: he must have certain ends in view towards which he wants his pupils to develop. He must give them opportunities for choice and decision as part of their education; but if he is to do his job he must have some idea of the kind of people he wants his school to produce, and he cannot be satisfied simply to leave them alone to make too many judgments and too many decisions for themselves.

It is for this reason that I myself view with some misgivings the experiments of some schools in what is called democratic self-government. Superficially it is a very obvious consequence of holding democratic ideas, and a good training in democratic citizenship, to have school councils and elections, to let the children make their own rules and enforce their own discipline. Some of these schemes are probably very useful: they may provide an important training in freedom and decision. But the limits in which they work must be clearly laid down. In very few schools, for example, would the school council be allowed to vote for the abolition of arithmetic: there is a real, if too often unspoken, limitation of their freedom. And the fact that it is unspoken may, unless we are careful, give the child the idea that democracy is something bogus that seeks to give the impression of freedom while actually withholding it. My point is that some of the devices of progressive education seek to dodge the real issue that faces the educator, which is to know the extent to which he may properly wield his authority and on what basis that authority rests.

Robbing Teaching of its Inspiration

There is a much greater danger that faces the teacher who wishes to make his teaching reflect his democratic principles. He may be so afraid of indoctrination, of educating for authoritarianism and not for freedom, that he may be reluctant to express his own views at all. When writing of Dr. Arnold's teaching, his biographer describes 'the black cloud of indignation which passed over his face when speaking of the crimes of Napoleon, or of Caesar'. Today, on the contrary, the teacher is sometimes so anxious to leave his pupils free to think for themselves that he is in danger of confusing tolerance with indifference. He may give his pupils the impression that for him every question is an open question. Such an attitude tends to rob teaching of its inspiration

and education of its purpose. It prevents the teacher from having any influence on the standards of judgment of his pupils, and leaves them to struggle in a waste land of grey neutrality. The truth is that democratic education must steer its way between two extremes. On the one hand is the acquiescence that it is the chief aim of education for an authoritarian society to produce: on the other a scepticism and a revolt against authority so profound that the individual is left without any standards at all.

We can put the extremes in moral terms. Wesley's phrase about breaking the will, or the more homely sentence 'Go and see what Johnny's doing and tell him to stop it!' are based on a belief in original sin. We may reject that approach, and I am sure myself that we should. But we need not, therefore, fall over backwards into a belief in original goodness. Yet that is almost what we are doing if we are so afraid of indoctrination that we fail to indicate to the child what we regard as right and wrong or good and bad, and sometimes force him to do what we regard as right. Indoctrination of some sort there must be even in the most libertarian education. When Johnny tries to hit Mary on the head with a hammer, he must be made to realise that it is wrong to do so. We may exhort him; we may reason with him; we may punish him; if he does it often we may send him to a psychiatrist. We may argue about the methods we should use: but somehow it must be brought home to him, and few educationists will

maintain that we are stifling the free development of his personality by doing so. The same thing is true in other directions. If George is capable of learning to read he must do so. We cannot leave it to his unaided choice to make up his mind whether he will or not, because, if for no other reason, without literacy any talk of democratic citizenship is nonsense.

In practice then, we may welcome, as I do myself, the new freedom that flourishes in our schools. We may, perhaps, desire to extend it still further. But we must recognise that it must ultimately be limited by authority. The school that tries both to prepare children for life in a free society and to reflect the ideals behind such a society must certainly attempt to create within itself an atmosphere of freedom. In my view it can do this much more effectively by the everyday personal relationships that exist within it than by any specific and self-conscious machinery. Its discipline will be rational; the individual child will be conscious that he is taken seriously and considered as a person: as he develops he will be given ever greater opportunities for making his own decisions. But unless the child is to grow up believing that democracy means an unbridled individualism, and that liberty is synonymous with licence to do as one likes, the school must rest on foundations of authority. But where in a democratic community are such authority and such standards of judgment to be found? That is the question we must tackle next.—*North of England Home Service*

Myth or Legend?—II

The City of Troy

By DENYS PAGE

AMONG the greatest works in European literature is the oldest of them all, the *Iliad*, an epic poem, over 15,000 lines, on the subject of Troy. The Greeks themselves could only guess when it was written and who wrote it. Their historical memory went back as far as the eighth century B.C., but no further. Behind that time there lay a great darkness of about 400 years; and from that darkness there came no clear light, except what might be found in the *Iliad*; which described, in considerable detail, life as it had been lived, not during the Dark Ages, but before they ever began. It was remarkable that this portrait of the past should have survived so long; still more remarkable that it should reveal a state of civilisation much more advanced than anything that followed it for 500 or 600 years; and most remarkable of all that the poem itself should be of a quality never surpassed in the history of ancient literature.

The *Iliad* tells the story of an episode in the siege of Troy, a fortress located in the extreme north-west corner of Asia Minor, overlooking, from the south, the strait of the Dardanelles. The episode is confined to a few days in the tenth year of the war; but the background of the story is clear enough: Paris, a son of King Priam of Troy, visited the palace of Menelaus, King of Sparta, in southern Greece. There he fell captive to the beauty of Helen, the wife of Menelaus; and secretly, not without packing a great quantity of Helen's clothes and jewellery, the pair departed by night for Troy. But Menelaus' brother, Agamemnon, was King of all Kings in Greece; and, to avenge his insult to his family, he commanded his barons to assemble at the harbour of Aulis; and from Aulis a great fleet sailed for Troy. There was fighting at the walls of Troy for ten years. When at last the city was taken, the Greeks returned home; and soon, for whatever reason, there fell over Greece that darkness without a history for 400 years.

This story of the love of Paris and Helen, of the ten years' siege of Troy, of its capture and destruction, remained for the rest of time the most famous of ancient stories. And the *Iliad* remained the most famous of all poems; no work, in prose or poetry, was ever thought to surpass it. It was a common feat, in an age before the memory was ruined by reading, to know the whole of it by heart. And there was never any suggestion that the story might not be true. The detail, of course, was criticised: Thucydides, the greatest of ancient historians, thought that much of it was embroidered and exaggerated; but for him, as for all reasonable men at all times, the substance of the tale was history, not myth. Nor was there any serious doubt about the date of these events: the Trojan War, it was generally agreed, began soon after the year 1200 B.C.

The *Iliad*, then, embodied and preserved the past splendours of the nation; it remained the most valuable heirloom of Greece, until darkness fell a second time upon European humanity, not to be broken until the dawn of the Italian renaissance.

The scene shifts to Germany, to Fuerstenberg, a small town fifty miles north of Berlin. There, in the year 1836, an unlikely boy, aged fourteen, was serving (according to his own account) 'herrings and potato-whisky' across the counter in a grocer's shop. Heinrich Schliemann had seen better days. He was the son of a Protestant clergyman; and he had known the tale of Troy, from his father, since childhood. At the age of seven, he says, 'with great grief I heard from him that Troy had been so completely destroyed that it had disappeared without leaving any traces of its existence'. Laughed at by his little world, but fortified by the faith and devotion of a good woman, also aged seven, he decided then and there that he had a single ambition in life—to discover Troy.

But the family fell into hard times, and there was Heinrich, from the age of fourteen to nineteen, serving in the grocer's shop from five in the morning till eleven at night. There was no chance of learning Greek: the vision of Troy was faded; faith needed nourishment. So one day, when Hermann Niederhoeffter, a miller by trade, was drunk as usual, Providence guided him to that source of potato-whisky, and propped him against the counter, thickly declaiming verses from the *Iliad*, remembered from a happier past. Heinrich could not understand a word: but the cup of faith was replenished within him. 'Three times over did I get him to repeat to me those divine verses, rewarding his trouble with three glasses of whisky, which I bought with the few pence that made up my whole fortune. From that moment I never ceased to pray God that by His grace I might yet have the happiness of learning Greek'.

But first a fortune must be made, surely in a wider world than Fuerstenberg. Oppressed by illness and poverty, but not despair, Schliemann went to Hamburg, where he sold his only coat to buy a blanket, and, as a cabin-boy, joined the brig *Dorothea*. It was not the straightest path to his goal; for he was not far out of harbour on his first voyage when down went the brig. The cabin-boy narrowly escaped to the coast of Holland; and there, slowly enough, his fortune took a better turn. He found employment in Amsterdam at £32 a year, and had leisure to learn languages: first, English, mastered in six months by an unusual method: he learned by heart the whole of *Ivanhoe* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and recited these to his astonished tutor. Then French and Russian, on the same principles. The reward of his industry



Above, an artist's conception of the 'Siege of Troy' (School of Ghirlandaio, fifteenth century); below, the east wall of Troy VI from the south, photographed during excavations conducted by Carl Blegen in 1932

was a post in Moscow as agent for his company; and there he built up a very large business in the import trade. By the age of thirty-two he was a rich man: the vision of Troy appeared in brighter colours; and there was time to learn Greek. First, modern Greek, mastered in six weeks; and, in the next six months, enough ancient Greek to read the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* 'with the most lively enthusiasm'.

When he was forty-one years old, Schliemann decided that his wealth was now sufficient for its sole purpose—the discovery and excavation of Troy. He sold his business, and invested the proceeds to return an annual income of £10,000. He travelled round the world; studied archaeology in Paris; and in 1868 landed on the south coast of the Dardanelles. There, in the Trojan plain, he saw a hill, Hissarlik, standing up to about 160 feet above sea-level; he felt convinced that it was not what it appeared, a hill; it was the city of Troy, barely hidden by a cover of earth. The learned world was vastly amused when, in the fulness of time, he began to dig.

Schliemann was looking for a city of Troy: he found nine cities of Troy, layer upon layer, from the hill top to bedrock. The faith of nearly forty years was surely confirmed, when, far down, just above the oldest settlement, the outlines of a fortress worthy of the *Iliad* began to appear. Here, laid bare by spade and pick-axe, arose a small but immensely strong citadel, about 360 yards in circuit, enclosed by a massive wall roughly circular in shape; with towers projecting at intervals, and two large gateways. You see the wall best near the south-east gate: three feet of stone foundation, supporting a wall of mud-brick faced with stone, twelve feet thick, and still ten feet high in places. Inside the fortress one house at least was worthy of King Priam; for its



main room is sixty feet long, and half as broad. The wealth and culture of this, the second city of Troy, was illustrated by a wonderful discovery: Schliemann himself had the good fortune to find, abandoned on the wall 4,000 years ago, a hoard of treasures in gold, silver, and bronze. There is something romantic in the list of articles, especially item 22, '56 gold earrings', and item 23, '8,700 gold rings'. And if Troy was captured by the army of Agamemnon, this surely was the city; for beyond all question it was destroyed by fire—there are heaps of corn, burnt to charcoal; masses of molten bronze; bones and oyster-shell incinerated; and the walls themselves, made of unbaked mud, are partly baked into brickwork by enormous heat.

And yet this was not, as Schliemann died believing, the Troy of the *Iliad*. Soon after his death, one of the most eminent archaeologists of his time, Wilhelm Doerpfeld, made still greater discoveries on the hill of Hissarlik, bringing to light the walls of another and later city of Troy: and the pottery and other objects found there proved that it is *this* city which coincides in date with the Troy of Priam's fathers. This is a much larger fortress, with a circuit of about 600 yards, enclosed by walls of great beauty and strength. The quality of the stonework varies from one point to another: at its best, it is ashlar masonry of

uncommon craftsmanship—limestone blocks, about five feet long, one foot high and deep, so shaped and so laid that the joins are sometimes hardly visible to the eye. The wall is about fifteen feet thick, and was originally about thirty feet high; long ranges of it now stand exposed, in perfect preservation, up to eighteen feet in height. Huge towers project from it at intervals; three massive gateways may still be seen. Inside



The south-east sector of the citadel, 1938

From 'Troy', edited by Carl Blegen (Princeton University Press)

the walls, you have to imagine a hill, with houses built on terraces in a series of concentric circles from the summit to the base; with paved streets radiating upwards from the wall, piercing the terraces at right-angles, and converging at the top of the hill, like the spokes of a wheel.

This, the sixth city, collapsed in an earthquake about 1300 B.C., but was soon rebuilt; and the great American archaeologist, Carl Blegen, who re-excavated Troy between 1932 and 1938, has shown that it is this, the rebuilt fortress (which we call Troy No. Seven), which was inhabited at the date of the Ten Years' War.

It is at this point that myth and legend make perfect harmony: for the myth told us of a great siege and great sack of Troy about 1200 B.C.; and history, in huge walls, and skeletons of men transixed

by the spear 3,000 years ago, and relics of a citadel in flames, shows us—not merely tells us—that this massive stronghold was captured and burned, about that very date, and was (for the first time in 2,000 years) abandoned by civilised men. We do not know that its king was called Priam, or its hero Hector; or whether Helen was the cause of war, and, if so, how many ships her beauty launched. The poets of the *Iliad* remembered much, but they also imagined much; for more than one reason it is vain to dig for relics of the Wooden Horse. Archaeology has shown that the great and wealthy kingdom of Agamemnon is not myth but history; and it teaches the same lesson in the tale of Troy. We can distinguish, at least in part, between the fabric and the embroidery; and the fabric stands on the plain of Troy, massive walls and towers translating fable into history.

Myth and Faith—IV

The Conscious Use of Myth

By U. E. SIMON

AFTER the playful and yet solemn overture of Mozart's 'The Magic Flute', the young prince errs in the woods, confronts the serpent, confesses himself powerless, and is at last saved by powers greater than himself. He must leave the realm of light and enter through the shades into that mysterious world of foes and friends, of dragons and angels, where Death would swallow up our life. He walks through fire and water until at last the light breaks and the powers of darkness are vanquished. Then the hero-god, like the sun, comes forth with the dawn of day, prepared for his marriage and enthronement in a fertile kingdom.

A Problem Concerning the Nature of Truth

In our day this myth becomes audible and the drama visible only upon the stage. A Mozart may utilise, exploit, immortalise a whole world of light and darkness, for the myth serves the master, just as contemporary writers, musicians, and psychologists use the myths of Orpheus, Oedipus, Theseus, and Faust. All these heroes and gods become fitting vehicles for their art. But the Christian problem is not of the theatre. It concerns the nature of the truth which our scriptures and liturgies claim to reveal and practise. Here lies the rub, for our images, symbols, and themes are inextricably interwoven with those of the myth. The Christian sermon, for instance, cannot help using a mythological vocabulary. The preacher sets man again into the midst of the garden, surrounded by pleasant trees and one forbidden tree. The serpent is always there, and the flaming sword and angelic beings guard the entry to Paradise lost.

What makes the mythological problem so acute is the fact that these well-known motifs penetrate the whole Bible and not only parts of it. Their edifice extends from Genesis to Revelation, with many variations and new associations. Direct mythological references and indirect hints abound in both Testaments, as any concordance will testify under such key-words as 'Heaven', 'Hell', 'Fire', 'Water', etc. Nor are these myths survivals outdated by subsequent development, an archaic vesture of popular credulity which could be stripped off without loss. For the early chapters in Genesis—to take the most crucial example—are not, in fact, so early as to be almost outside the range of prophet-thought. These first eleven chapters, on the contrary, constitute the climax of late religious thought.

We know that the prophets and their schools were responsible for the pruning and editing of the traditions. To them we owe the final shape of the Old Testament. How is it, then, that of all people they retained the mythological strands and placed them in such a central position, as in Genesis i-xi? Did they not know their business? They could not be unaware that the world-wide myth existed and still governed the religious consciousness of the masses in the Gentile world. At one time, indeed, it had been fraught with every pagan temptation for Israel, and although Baal and his consort were ultimately ousted, the danger of some compromise remained alive. Already in the eighth century B.C., Isaiah approached the issue in a consciously critical spirit. His successors did not lack the aggressive and purposeful manner of dealing with the problem. Finally, when Jesus claimed for himself Messiahship, Sonship, humiliation, death, and

resurrection, enthronement and triumph, he could not but realise that the great themes of the ancient myth were central to his work.

The actors in and the writers of the Bible confronted the myth consciously, and fully alive to its dangers and to its possibilities. If this is so it is also clear that it will be profitable for us to investigate their method of solving what was, after all, the greatest problem to them as to us.

It is not surprising to find that the pagan myth has been treated with irony, one of the indispensable weapons in the prophetic warfare. Centuries before Genesis was written an Elijah would make bitter fun of the prophets of Baal. His success may have ensured what may be acclaimed as a tradition of sarcasm. Isaiah and his school were particularly skilled in its application. For instance, the idolaters' workshops are not simply denounced but appraised with cutting malice: 'He (the idolater) takes of the idol and warms himself; indeed, he kindles it and bakes bread; moreover he makes a god and worships it; he makes a graven image and falls down to it. He burns part of it in the fire, and with another part he roasts meat; he warms himself and says "Aha, I am warm . . ."'

The prophetic genius, however, cannot be confined to one method alone. The relationship between myth and Bible is far too complex for that. If the prophets ignored some myths and rejected others with decisive acerbity, there are also a few instances when the exact opposite seems to have occurred. Some myths were purged of pagan corruption and met apparently with unqualified acceptance. But this was also done on purpose, especially since such a myth can enhance the doctrine of the one living God. So the prophets hail the Lord as the husband of Israel and His marriage with Israel as the result of His redeeming work. There is no hesitation here, despite the fact that the sacred marriage—as Hosea well knew—had its obscene associations in the pagan high-places and within a corrupt Israel. But the prostitution of Baalism did not deter the prophets from speaking of marriage and from picturing Israel as the bride of God. The same is true again of the coronation of the king. Now it is 'The Lord reigns, let the peoples tremble; He sits upon the cherubim; let the earth be moved'. When the prophets accepted the imagery of the marriage and the coronation of the king they appropriated it for the religion of Israel by means of the reversal of the original. Formerly the king was God, or acted as a god; now God is the King. This reversal of ideas stems from Isaiah in particular, who confesses that after Azariah's death he saw the vacant throne in the Temple filled by the Majesty of God. This is a typical case of the great struggle for power and kingship and its solution. The living background of pagan kings and the need of the moment for a pure monarchy lead to a transformation of the myth. The prophets were not ignorant of the fact that they used it in a fresh and creative manner.

'When Thou Passest through the Waters'

Thus the pagan ritual of passing through fire and water is extinct but the picture still vividly describes the vicissitudes of the history of Israel and, later on, of all the faithful. Whether past, present, or future, 'when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee . . . when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned'. Again, the

picture of God, riding in His chariot upon the clouds, is now used to portray retribution; He who brought punishment to the crooked serpent will similarly, or, rather, will more terribly, punish the wicked. In that sense God's warfare is still reminiscent of the mythological conflict, but now He pursues universal righteousness and no capricious advantage for Himself or for His people. Another important change occurs: not God undergoes an ordeal, but Israel, His servant, who is elected for the liberation of the world. This fight for salvation has nothing whatever to do with an annual ritual, but it looks forward to the final triumph when swords are beaten into ploughshares, when hunger and thirst exist no more, when the Kingdom terminates the history of man. Contrary to the mythological conception of time, God's activity ends the drama of a series of recurrent events, for He who pierced the dragon at the creation, slays him in redemption, and throws him into the sea at the end. The rhythm accelerates, the dynamics intensify: the new things transcend the old by their scale, by their 'how much more'.

A Bold Adaptation

The prophets were certainly bold to adapt so much mythological material to their own use. The pagan myth-ritual was evidently no longer considered dangerous once the ritual had been dropped. Even the two truly dangerous themes of the Eternal Child and of the Dying God could be incorporated into prophecy since this condition was fulfilled. Again it is in the book of Isaiah that the re-creation occurs. In the early chapters the Eternal Child is brought within the framework of history and eschatology. For Immanuel, upon whose shoulders rests the perfect ordering of the world, is not a mythical child but one who is to come, of the house of David. His birth, however, also signifies the end of history when the wolf dwells with the lamb. In the later chapters of the same book (which are usually assigned to subsequent members of the school) this Immanuel is identified with the Servant whom God appoints to suffer for the world. It is not always sufficiently realised that this later portrayal is a development of the myth of the Son of David. The Servant represents, no doubt, the nation and its saints, but he is primarily and unequivocally a king. Like the child he shall prosper in the future, but not without suffering death and shame. The root of David is humiliated before the tree grows. New life is released through his sacrifice of blood.

These prophecies are familiar enough to us: 'Surely He has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows . . . He was wounded for our transgressions . . . He poured out his soul unto death'. God vindicates him by raising him back to life. It is familiar to us and it was, in a way, familiar to the thought of the world of myth. Indeed, some might well have protested that this was a form of neo-pagan myth, recalling the descent of the beautiful Adonis or Tammuz. But the members of the Isaiah school, responsible as they considered themselves as 'disciples' for the integrity of pure prophecy, admitted of no scruples. Indeed, they cherished the prophecies about the Eternal Child and the Suffering Servant as the heart of the Messianic hope in Israel. It was their answer to seasonal dying and to the autumnal wail of Tammuz, to mock resurrections in the spring. The affinity was permitted to stand because the difference is so tremendous. Again, the old things are passed away and the new things are coming to pass. The new things are similar to the old, but they are also so dissimilar as to be new.

What Was the Faith of the Prophets?

This acutest example of the conscious use of myth demonstrates a complete awareness of the subtle relationship that both severs and unites myth and Bible. It also posits a further question, difficult and yet irresistible: If the prophets display this intimate acquaintance with ancient mythology, did they, notwithstanding the rejection of some and the transformation of others, believe in myth itself? I think this question ought to be answered with a qualified 'yes', even if this probably commits us to a risky position. One may ask analogically: Did Mozart believe in the conflict between the dark and the light when he composed 'The Magic Flute'? Did Goethe believe in Faust's companion Mephistopheles? Did Shakespeare believe in Hamlet's father's ghost? If I venture to say 'yes', I introduce a qualification which is admittedly not theological but artistic. But the prophets and psalmists were poets in that sense that they accepted the myth as the proper raw material of human existence, or, if you like, as the stock of a common racial memory. Just as God is the potter who uses the clay and remoulds it to suit His purpose, so His prophets re-created the myth in His honour who is above both conflict and fate.

I did not say 'they remoulded'; but rather that God remoulded so that the divine inspiration is to be found precisely in the sublimation and reinterpretation of the ancient myth-ritual. It pertains to the nature of biblical inspiration that the Spirit does not obliterate but rather enhances the powers of human choice and reflection. Most of the prophets were ecstatic and the Word was given them directly; yet inspiration never became mechanical. It set the prophets free to speak the truth, and in this freedom they rejected or modified the common mythology of the near east. This conscious employment of the myth must, however, not be conceived of in terms of cold and detached reasoning. Its concrete and dramatic imagery appealed to the senses above everything else and its artistic reshaping was passionate. The fire of prophetic intensity must be coupled with what I have called the conscious use of myth. Without either of these the work could not have reached eternal consequences and transcendent validity.

As all poets and critics know, you cannot separate the given form from its contents. They are indivisible because they are the final result of mature feeling and critical reflection. Hence there is nothing to take the place of biblical mythology. The biblical writers believed in the form they chose; they put their trust in the Lord who entrusted them with this and no other form. Thus, for them, their words and their faith blended into one.

But, we are told, the biblical language no longer speaks to the contemporary man. It has never been easy to speak the Word of God to any generation. Did not Moses and the prophets themselves shrink from their task? 'Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child', replies Jeremiah to God who commissions him. But the trouble of communication, then as now, is not merely a question of words, of being understood. Just as God touches the tip of Adam's finger in Michelangelo's 'Creation' in the Sistine Chapel, so every preacher must touch the ear of mortal man. The aim is miraculous.

The Response of Faith

But does the biblical imagery fail when it is used, as in the Bible, consciously and with passion? I do not think so for a moment. Faith responds. No one knew better than Dostoevsky how the modern, dehumanised atheist can be brought to the point of decision by means of the biblical narrative. In *Crime and Punishment* the murderer Raskolnikoff reaches the necessary crisis after Sonia has read to him the Raising of Lazarus: 'Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on Him'. Presently Raskolnikoff will at least consider confession, and later repentance and expiation. He, too, believes on Him because he has been touched at the only possible point of guilt and forgiveness. He re-enters reality and quits fantasy.

Dostoevsky demonstrates with extraordinary force how man's sin and moral responsibility are deeply connected with the demons and with their terrible work. The cold rationalists, in *The Possessed*, are precisely the inhuman rebels who disbelieve and devour each other because they are, in the language of the New Testament, demoniacs. They exist in our present world and no amount of demythologising will rid us of their terror and their reality. As Goethe's Mephistopheles observed: 'The devil may be sent packing, the devils remain'.

Instead of demythologising the Bible, every sound spiritual energy in contemporary society urges us to 're-mythologise' man. The problem of communication need not deter us. When a certain decisive battle in the last war had to be won the order of the day began with 'Let God arise and all His enemies be scattered', and no one in the line required a further explanation.—*Third Programme*

Visitors to Oxford—there will surely be more than usual this Coronation year—do not want for guide-books: but the more reflective, those who looking beyond bare record are in search of atmosphere and the by-ways of tradition, will do well to acquire Gertrude Bone's *Came to Oxford* with illustrations by Muirhead Bone (Blackwell, 30s.). It is the work of a scholar-poet, full of lightly borne learning and rare observation. Of stained glass and of gardens, of libraries and of portraits, of some of Oxford's famous figures, of her streets and towers, and of much else besides, the author writes with authority and imagination, and illumines them with freshness. As summer gives place to autumn in Oxford, 'the early morning has a new quality, like a bead of snow within a goblet of amber wine'. The sentence gives an idea of the tone of the writing. Muirhead Bone's full-page plates—there are thirty-two of them—and his occasional drawings contribute a fine and fitting accompaniment to the text of what, one feels, is an enduring book.

NEWS DIARY

February 18-24

Wednesday, February 18

Mr. Attlee declines Prime Minister's invitation to all-party talks on the reform of House of Lords

Minister of Food makes statement on marketing plan for eggs. Controls on sausages to end

Draft plan for Press Council published

Thursday, February 19

White Paper on defence outlines proposed changes in call-up scheme

Home Secretary gives details of damage done by floods and announces that the Government will contribute £ for £ to the Lord Mayor's Fund

The French National Assembly passes Bill pardoning thirteen Alsations for their part in the Oradour massacre

Friday, February 20

Chief of the Imperial General Staff arrives in Nairobi

Price of coal to be raised by ten per cent.

Minister of Education receives deputation about proposed 'cuts' in grants to adult education

Saturday, February 21

New British and American proposals about Persian oil problem given to Dr. Moussadeq

British Ambassador in Cairo sees General Neguib about Mr. Eden's recent statement on the Sudan

Two-day meeting between members of projected European Defence Community ends in Paris without reaching agreement on French amendments to draft treaty

Sunday, February 22

General election is held in Austria

Declaration signed by Presidents of Argentina and Chile on subject of economic union

Monday, February 23

Civil estimates show a substantial decrease Government grants amnesty to war-time deserters

Sir William Slim, Governor-General of Australia, postpones taking up post so as to advise on Suez Canal Zone question

Tuesday, February 24

U.N. General Assembly resumes seventh session in New York

Talks about the European Defence Community continue in Rome

Army estimates published with explanation by Secretary of State for War

Death of Field-Marshal Von Runstedt at age of 77



Refugees from eastern Germany waiting outside the new registration offices opened last week in west Berlin's Funkturm fairground. The original offices have proved too small to cope with the increasing stream of refugees; 19,000 have arrived this month alone



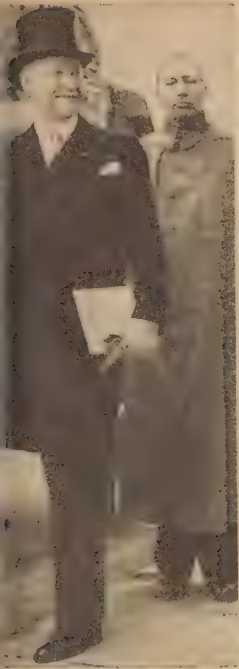
The restoration of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, which was badly damaged in the war, is progressing well and it is hoped to re-dedicate the church this summer. The photograph shows the restored roof of the nave

Two new
sent their
Mr. Win
right (b



Early apparatus in the exhibition at the Science Museum, c. 1851 (Thomas)





ambassadors leaving their embassies to pay
tributes to Her Majesty last week: above,
Aldrich of the United States; above
this hat), Dr. Vladimir Velebit of
Yugoslavia



The end of a communist supply train in Korea: smoke is seen rising from the wreckage (top left) after the train has been caught at the entrance to one of twin tunnels in a U.S. bombing raid recently. The tunnel on the right had been damaged in a previous attack



Photographic Society's Centenary Exhibition, London: a mobile darkroom, tent for wet plate photography)



Olympic athlete, D. A. G. Pirie, leading the field from Frank Sando to win the Southern Counties Cross-Country Championship at Aylesford, Kent, on Saturday



February sunshine in a Devonshire lane: a photograph taken last week-end at Buckland-in-the-Moor, a small village on the slopes of Dartmoor



Left: Members of the Italia Conti Stage School rehearsing last week-end in St. James's Park, London, for a new ballet entitled 'The Cricket Match' (written by their director, Miss Ruby Hilary) which is to be performed during a national dancing display at the Royal Albert Hall on February 27

Christian Stocktaking—V

The Problem of Communication

By the Rt. Rev. F. A. COCKIN, Bishop of Bristol

AMONG the letters which I have received as the result of these talks have been one or two which have said in effect 'You are fairly good at diagnosis, but you do not seem to be so good at prescription. You can point out a number of things which are wrong, but you have not said much about how to put them right'.

It does not altogether surprise me that people should have got that impression. Indeed, it is partly due to the fact that I have deliberately held over a good deal of what I wanted to say on that side until this final talk. It seemed the best plan to begin by surveying some of those key points at which it would be generally agreed that the Church ought to have something effective to say, and to consider how far it is saying it: and then, in the light of that, to try to see whether there are certain essential conditions which the Church must fulfil if it is to speak with real relevance and power.

Besetting Temptation of the Church

Some of these have, I believe, already begun to emerge. One of them is surely the need for a true sense of proportion—a Christian sense of proportion. You may remember the point I made in the first talk, that one of the besetting temptations of the Church is the temptation to introversion, self-centredness. This is really the same point put another way. It is very easy for us to get into the way of thinking that the things which must necessarily be the most important are the things which closely concern the Church's domestic life, either in the local setting of parish or congregation, or even on the national scale. It may even be something which threatens the particular ecclesiastical or denominational tradition to which we belong. When that happens, we rise in our wrath to defend the Ark of the Covenant. But the real question is not what *we* think but what *God* thinks are the really important things, what He wants the Church to be concerned about. Take a look round the world—south-east Africa, China, east and west Europe, and our fellow-Christians living in the middle of those situations. Or take a look nearer home; at what is happening to our young people under the pressures of modern society, or the decay of the spirit of voluntary service, or the ominous tensions in industry—the signs of unrest, for instance, in the docks and the mines. When you put those things over against some of the things that we spend endless time arguing about in our church councils and assemblies, it is hard to resist the impression that that remark about 'tithing mint, anise, and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of the law', has an uncomfortable relevance to ourselves. That is one condition to which I am certain we have got to give far more searching consideration than we often do.

But there is a second which I believe matters more: I call it 'finding a common language', the problem of communication. The plain fact is that there are thousands of men and women and young people in this country to whom the Christian faith means almost nothing. In some cases the reason is simply that they do not want it to mean anything to them: they have not the slightest interest in religion. They have other gods whom they worship—pleasure and comfort and success and power—and they are not going to be bothered with something which they rather suspect might interfere rather radically with the plan they have made for their life.

But there are a very great many who are not in the least like that: and to lump them with the other type as all just 'indifferent', which is a thing that church folk are rather inclined to do, is grossly misleading and unfair. They are not indifferent; many of them are intelligent, sincere, sensitive people who care a great deal about the state of the world and of this country (more than some Christians); they have a strong sense of duty and public service, and high personal standards of morality, though they do not share our religious convictions.

They are not satisfied; far from it. They are distressed and perplexed. They are conscious of the immense strength of the forces of evil: they are conscious of how little headway their own efforts and the causes

they care for seem to make against it. They feel the need of spiritual reinforcement. They are told repeatedly that what they need is a faith. They are told that they will find that faith in the Christian creed, which speaks of a God who is the creator of all life, and the controller of history, and the lover of every individual soul; which points to the life of Jesus as the expression of that almighty redemptive love; which speaks of the Spirit as the continual source of life and power; which reminds them that life here is only a broken fragment of the whole, which can only be known in eternity. And they say: 'I'm sorry, but I don't really know what you're talking about. You see I'm a scientist: my mind moves in terms of an entirely different interpretation of life: I can only work on the basis of truths which can be tested and verified by reliable means: and the means to which I am accustomed, which I have come to trust, don't seem to apply at all to these beliefs of yours. How do you know that all these things you say are true? How does somebody like myself set about testing their truth? It may be, as you say, that religious truth is not susceptible of demonstration by my methods, exact measurement and the like. But it must have *some* method of verification. What is it? You say I must pray—but what does that mean? How do I start? And how can I honestly start when I don't know whether the whole thing is anything more than auto-suggestion?'

Or they say: 'I'm a business man, or a trade unionist. I wouldn't say that I don't believe in God. But I find it uncommonly hard to see how that belief makes any appreciable difference to the world I have to work in. That world doesn't seem to me to be controlled and directed by God: it's controlled and directed, so far as I can see, by meteorological conditions, floods and droughts, shortages and gluts, cartels and rings, price-fixing and tariffs, wage disputes and strikes. Give me some demonstration of the power of God at work in all this tangle of economics and power politics. Show me how I can let this faith in God direct not only my private life, but the policy of the firm, or the union, or the world market in tin or rubber or cotton'.

It is not *easy* to hold the Christian faith—hold it, that is, in the sense that it really makes sense and operates. There are, I believe, very many who would like to be Christians and cannot honestly see their way to it. It may be partly their fault: it may be that they have not the courage to take the risks which they see would be involved in taking the Christian line. It is certainly also due to the fact that they are caught up in a tangle of false beliefs and assumptions about the real purpose of man's life and the true ordering of it, from which no individual effort can free them. But that is not the whole story. It is partly also the Church's fault. We are failing them; and the root cause of our failure is a failure in communication. We have no language in which to make the truth which we want to convey intelligible to those to whom we are trying to speak. We do not know their language and they do not know ours.

Learning to State the Christian Case

What is to be done about it? How is the Church—and remember that means all of us Christians, lay people as well as clergy and ministers—how are we to learn how to state our case, set forth our Gospel, our good news, in a form which will get through, which will make people say 'Oh I see, that's what this faith of yours really means: well, now you're talking?'

Let me say at once that I realise that there is an immense problem involved here; nothing less than the attempt to relate two radically different casts of mind, two whole interpretations of life, the one springing from the centuries of Christian humanist culture, the other from the immensely rapid and dominant expansion of science and mathematics. That is a matter for top-level experts. But I believe that quite ordinary people like ourselves have a contribution to make. It is partly a question of actual language. And I do not mean only the long difficult words like redemption and justification and incarnation. It is just as true of a lot of the quite short words. Take one of the most familiar phrases which we use over and over again in our church services: 'The

grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit'. Sit down, with a pencil and a piece of paper, and put down how you would try to explain that to someone who said quite honestly 'I've no idea what any of these phrases mean. I can't discover in my own life any experience to which those words seem to correspond'. Think out what they mean to you, and how you know that they stand for something absolutely real, without which you could not live. And then, most important, try to see whether you can help the other man to see that as a matter of fact he probably already has some experience of these things, but has never identified it, put the right name to it, recognised it for what it is. That will be a real exercise in communication.

But it goes deeper than language. We have to ask ourselves why this man thinks that he has never had this experience, why he has never identified experience which he has actually had, as experience of God's working in his life. We must try to understand why he cannot believe or see any point or sense in things which mean so much to us. And that means a further exercise, an effort of *imaginative identification* with his state of mind. Why is he the kind of person he apparently is? What is his home background? What kind of education has he had; maybe purely technical or scientific? What sort of job is he working in, and what are the influences which that job is exercising on his whole outlook? What sort of deal has life given him? Is it likely that, with his mental conditioning, he could very easily believe in God, or that he would want to believe in God, when you think of how little such belief seems to square with the world as he sees it—Korea, or the depression in the years between the wars? That will take time. And at all costs we must be careful not to make the mistake of giving what we think are the answers too quickly, jumping in with the bit we have learnt from our little text-book of orthodoxy before we have made sure that we really understand the question he is asking, and what makes him ask it: The odds are that the real question he wants to ask lies two or three layers below the surface, and will take some unearthing.

But we must go further still. I said in my first talk that the Church must be much more ready to live 'on the frontier'. By and large the Church as an institution seems to live pretty much within its own

closely guarded perimeter, almost more concerned to keep the world out than to go out and conquer it. Do you remember Our Lord's words about the Church: 'The gates of Hell shall not prevail against it'? That does not sound very like a garrison holding its own defensive position. It sounds more like a task force attacking a pretty strongly held enemy position.

I know that there are hundreds of individual Christians who are out on the frontier: doctors, teachers, social workers, in local government, in business, working away at this business of infiltration, getting right into the mind and life of the secular world and seeking to transform it. But they are terribly out on their own, and unsupported. What we ought to see is the Church as a body, whole congregations, synods, dioceses, actively and keenly concerned about frontier situations—making it their business to know what is happening in our schools, letting their ward members or their local government committees or their M.P.s know that they really care about this job they are doing, and care about it as Christians, really giving their mind to the question of whether our industrial and commercial system is as well designed as it could be to serve its true ends, which are to produce the goods the community needs, and an honest livelihood for those who produce them. If we were doing that, I do not think we should find the problem of communication as difficult as we often do now. We should find that we were speaking a common language because we were sharing common interests and living a common life.

Would it result in a revival of religion? I do not know. I am a little suspicious of revivals of religion. What it might easily mean, I think, is that people began to look at the Church with new eyes, and even began to consider coming back to it, because they had begun to suspect that what they would find there would be something which did not seem to them, as, alas, it too often does now, a curious cult which appeals only to those who are initiated into its rites and ceremonies, and understand its language. They would have begun to see, from the church people they had met in the world, that worship is the offering of life and work and thought which they and we share in common, to Him who alone by the communication of His grace and truth can make that offering, reasonable, holy, and living.—*West of England Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Stalin as an Economist

Sir,—It is not surprising that Ronald L. Meek, a regular contributor to the *Modern Quarterly* and *Labour Monthly*, should not have made a serious criticism of Stalin's latest turgid pronouncement, 'Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.' The talk only underlined, emphasised, or drew attention to the points already raised by Stalin in his pamphlet, without in any way subjecting them to critical analysis, without attempting to relate them to the current and very real economic problems of Soviet economy.

The first section of the pamphlet, entitled 'Remarks on Economic Questions connected with the November 1951 Discussion', is interesting for a number of reasons, none of which was seriously dealt with in the broadcast talk. The fact that this section is devoted to comment and criticism of an economic discussion in November 1951, the content and nature of which is still unknown to the world at large, seems to have escaped the attention of the broadcaster. The fact that young people 'dazzled by the extraordinary successes of the Soviet system . . . begin to imagine the Soviet government can "do anything", that "nothing is beyond it", that it can abolish scientific laws and form new ones'—this, too, was evaded in the broadcast. How has this state of affairs come to pass? Why is it that 'enthusiastic young people' are 'dazzled by the extraordinary successes of the Soviet system', and begin to imagine the Soviet government can 'do any-

thing'? These are the vital questions which should have been answered in the broadcast. It is clear from a careful reading of Stalin's work that he is directing his remarks at people in the U.S.S.R. who cannot explain the discrepancy between the rise of Soviet production and the low standard of living. Soviet production increased no less than twelve-fold in the period between 1929 (when the Five Year Plan was set into motion) and 1951. In the same period, production in the U.S.A. grew only two-fold, in Britain only 1.6-fold. And yet, despite this, the general standard of living has lagged behind. And, more important still, the differentiations of income and privilege in the stratified Soviet society have increased, and not decreased, with the continuous expansion of Soviet production. The purges in eastern Europe, and the forthcoming purge in the U.S.S.R. testify to the real economic and political problems that face Stalin and his government.

As far as the letters in Stalin's work are concerned, a similar criticism can be levelled at them from the outset. Stalin's replies to 'Comrades Alexander Ilyitch Notkin, A. V. Sanina and V. G. Venzher', as well as his criticisms of 'Comrade L. D. Yaroshenko' are difficult to interpret if only because the original letters of these writers are not published alongside the replies. It is therefore impossible to determine the merits or otherwise of the arguments put forward by Stalin or the other participants in the correspondence.

These points are just a random selection of the many points which Ronald L. Meek has carefully sidestepped. Perhaps a less biased talk on the subject can be expected in the near future.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

E. S. HILLMAN

Anglophobia in Present-day Italy

Sir,—While acknowledging Professor d'Entrèves' intention of bringing about a better understanding between Italy and England, I must, as a person in touch with 'all kinds and manners of men' and opinions amongst my own countrymen, and with not a few English residents here, most seriously protest against his assertion of widespread anglophobia in Italy. In the second part of his talk Professor d'Entrèves does show perception in pointing out some of the 'complexes' in both nations, and some of the misconceptions on both sides, but these are minor errors of judgment which he magnifies into major accusations and resentments, at least on our part.

It would be obviously absurd to expect in this realistic post-war epoch the same kind and degree of fervour towards England that there was during the war when 'La voce di Londra' was our only hope. What has been has been, and in these exceedingly difficult times of 'peace' each independent country, the former allies not excepted, freely criticises all others. And so it must be. But as a matter of fact there is here widespread respect and esteem for England,

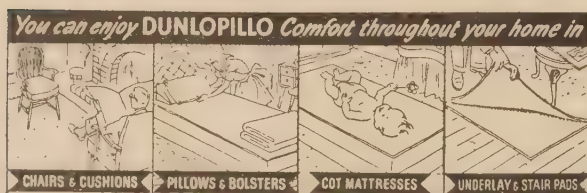
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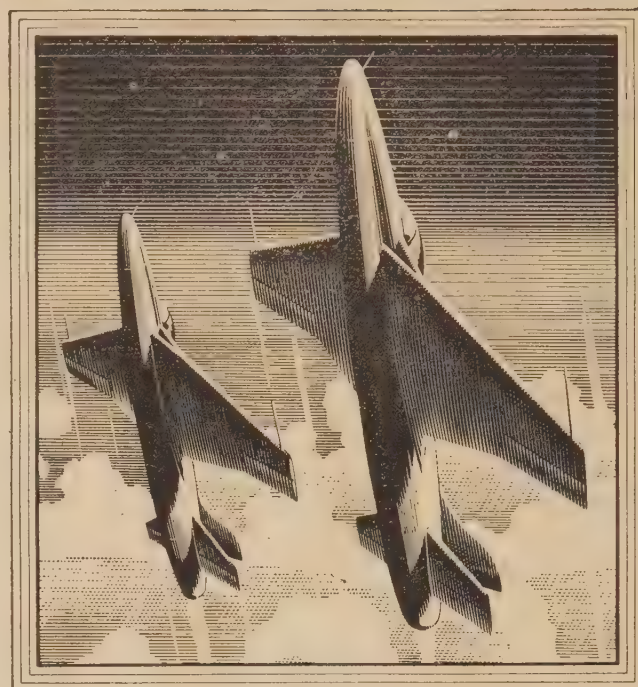
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sincere desire for her friendship, and regard for her point of view, by the side of inevitable and limited objections and divergencies which have nothing to do with anglophobia—the same communist slogans are current the whole world over, and each thinking person knows how to evaluate them. Moreover, they are not more directed against Great Britain than against other Western Powers. The neo-fascists indeed are bitter against their old adversaries, which is but logical. But they are a very small minority.

All the democratic parties, that is, the great majority of the country, is reasonable and balanced in its judgment, appraisal, and expectation as regards England. In practical detail never have the British Council courses been so crowded; never have so many Italian tourists visited England, returning in nearly every case with genuine appreciation of British austerity, discipline, and courtesy towards foreigners. Never has our intelligentsia taken such vivid interest and written so widely and so competently about English politics, literature, customs, and every aspect of British life. To examine and discuss misconceptions and 'complexes' with serenity and *cum grano salis*, might indeed dispel 'clouds of unknowing' and be beneficial; and no doubt Professor d'Entrèves would be well qualified to take part in such a study; but broadcast assertions of anglophobia in Italy are not only erroneous but might be dangerous and foster precisely the harm they wish to eliminate.

Yours, etc.,

Florence

LINA FRIGONA

Can the Christian Creeds Be Defended?

Sir,—I am grateful to the correspondents who in letters to THE LISTENER and to myself have commented on my talk on 'The Uses of Creeds'. Some have expressed approval of what I said and some disapproval. A disappointingly large number both of the approvers and disapprovers seem to have misunderstood what I said in the last part of my talk (which has produced most comment). I think that misunderstanding has been made easier by the unfortunate fact that the talk was published in THE LISTENER of January 22 under the misleading title 'Can the Christian Creeds be Defended?' which was not the title chosen by me.

Mr. Anstey, for example, accuses me of picking and choosing between the elements of revealed truth, accepting those which appeal to me personally and rejecting those which clash with my prejudices. In fact, I neither said nor implied that I rejected any part of orthodox church teaching. The question I was asking was whether such a doctrine as the Virgin Birth (which I recognise to be part of the teaching of the Church and which also I believe to be true) was also necessarily part of the minimum system of belief which must be required as a condition for baptism.

If it be asked how a person can expect to be received into the Church and to share its sacraments if he does not hold the beliefs of that Church, the answer is obviously that he can do so now. No creed is intended to contain the whole Christian system of belief. Anyone who says truthfully that he steadfastly believes the Apostles' Creed cannot hold certain heretical opinions that developed during the first few centuries of the Church; he can, however, hold many other heresies that developed later. He can, for example, be a Quietist, an Antinomian, or an Anabaptist. He asserts that Christ descended into Hell but not that He was transfigured in the presence of three of His Apostles; that He suffered under Pontius Pilate but not that He was betrayed by Judas Iscariot. Although not in the Creed, these also are parts of the accepted Christian body of belief. It is

clear that the Creed is not intended to include all that orthodox church members believe. Affirmation of the Creed does not even include that most essential part of Christianity, the acceptance of the Christian way of life. A man might truthfully say that he believed all its clauses, and yet not be willing to love God or to love his neighbour.

So one can now receive adult baptism while not accepting the whole system of belief. If a less stringent test of orthodoxy than the Apostles' Creed were used at baptism, the situation would not be essentially different. Obviously if someone holding unorthodox opinions on some element of Christian belief were admitted to baptism, those who held the orthodox belief would hope that his experience within the Church might lead him to hold it, too. Also it is obvious that this hope might not be fulfilled and yet the individual holding the false belief might follow the Christian way of life more successfully than his more orthodox neighbours. Would it then be important that he held some wrong opinions? On the last day, I expect it will be found that we all do, even on religious matters.

What I was suggesting was that it might be better to open the gates to church membership more widely so that all who want to join the Church and to receive its sacraments may do so even if they have some opinions which are not orthodox. Mr. Sorensen asks the important question: whether insistence on a high standard of orthodoxy amongst entrants to the Church is according to the mind of Christ? It does not seem so to many of us. Nor does it seem to be the best way to keep the Church an effective instrument for bringing men to the service of God.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

R. H. THOULESS

Sir,—I am somewhat bewildered by the storm of controversy aroused by my impulsively written and badly expressed letter. I am grateful to all your correspondents who have given it their serious consideration; but, although I have wished to argue on many points, I should not have obtruded my own views again had it not been for the question expressed or implied in several letters: 'Why should I, persisting in my wrong-headed opinions, wish to consider myself a member of the community of Christians?'

I and others like me are not proud of our lack of faith; we revere the Christian Church. There may be a relic of medieval fear at the back of our minds ('If a man believe . . . it is certain that he is saved'); but, more important, we admire the scholarship of the church apologists: the words and ideas of the New Testament are, by inheritance, part of the very fabric of our minds, and we know that, for 2,000 years, nearly all the worth-while advances in western civilisation and in the raising of the moral standards of humanity have been motivated and inspired by the Christian faith. We are cutting ourselves off from this source of inspiration because of a mental quirk which we call our spiritual integrity, but which may be nothing but self-conceit.

We feel that we are stumbling along between two advancing forces. On one side of us 'Like a mighty army moves the Church of God', its blood-red banner emblazoned with the confident challenge 'In this sign we conquer'. On the other side, bannerless but head high, marches the small intrepid band of those who, like Havelock Ellis, are content to 'disappear into the dark' if they can but hand on the torch of progress to their successors. Our motley horde has only a drab, tattered flag marked 'Hope—or wishful thinking?'—perhaps our device should be a 'Pie-in-the-sky'.

We have neither inspiration nor self-reliance. All we can do is to plod on, with the resolve to

Hope, till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.
Yours, etc.,

Liverpool

E. SIMMONS

Sir,—My letter on this subject was of purpose confined to answering Mrs. Simmons' rather pathetic question, which was hardly relevant to the above title. It attempted also to correct her misapprehension of the position of the Church of England. In effect, she asked the authorities of the Church to tell her: 'Is my "simple Creed" considered to be Christian?' and 'May I, holding it, be allowed to call myself a Christian, and to take part, though with obvious reservations, in the public worship of that Church?'

I replied, not in any sense as an 'authority', but as one who has made a lifelong study of these things and has had the privilege of serving in the ordained Ministry of the Church for over forty-six years at home and abroad, in touch with eastern and western churches, and with Jewish and Moslem faiths: hence, I hope, not entirely obscurantist or of 'unthinking habit' or 'mis-called faith' (to quote Mr. Bullett).

Obviously no Christian doctrine, or any other spiritual reality for that matter, is capable of mathematical or physical-scientific proof. But it is none the less real or truly scientific for that. As convinced Christians we believe that God has spoken to us by His Son in Whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. This supreme revelation is given to man in human words. In no other way could God convey His thoughts to human beings. No human thought or language can fully comprehend or express the realities of God and of spiritual facts. Human knowledge must always be partial and human comprehension limited in the very nature of things. But partial knowledge does not invalidate facts, any more than higher mathematics invalidates the basic simplicities of the multiplication tables.

Faith is not blind credulity but the highest human faculty by which we obtain a firm conviction of the unseen realities and are led to a willing self-committal to Him Whom we trust. Faith always works by love.

Your correspondence columns are not the place to discuss the history, meaning, or language of the Creeds. I suggest that the B.B.C. might profitably follow up the most reasonable question: 'Can the Christian Creeds be defended?' by further talks and discussion 'over the air'.—Yours, etc.,

Bristol

H. C. BURROUGH

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER]

The Philosophy of Atomic Physics

Sir,—What Professor Rosenfeld is saying in effect is that science deals with the function but not the essence of phenomena, with facts but not the truth. Because we can gain only a generalised statistical picture of atomic behaviour, he argues that we should not want to gain more, that this average description is all that is necessary for practical purposes. But we are not concerned only with 'practical' purposes. We are concerned also to know whether science can offer any exact description and prediction of natural phenomena. It cannot.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

HENRY ADLER

Delights of Old Sweets

Sir,—I wonder whether any of your readers encountered, as I did more than fifty years ago, the decorative hen which so obligingly laid a chocolate egg in exchange for a penny. It was on Plymouth Hoe that I savoured this delight, and it was only a diplomatic shortage of pennies that prevented me from acquiring a clutch of these delectable sweetmeats.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3

ERIC HICKS

Disorder in France

By JEAN COCTEAU

BECAUSE of a certain appearance of disorder, France is difficult to understand from the outside. Indeed, this appearance of disorder is not easy to understand even on the inside. It is like a messy room in which you quickly find what you want as long as no stranger tries to straighten it up. This disorder is but a reflection of personality.

France consists of individualisms which contradict each other. Each person thinks, each has his own opinion, and he expresses it. Even within groups, within schools of thought and political parties, individualism plays its part and does not accept orders blindly. The spirit of contradiction is the lowest form of the creative spirit. And the creative spirit is the highest form of the spirit of contradiction. This is only proper, since new ideas drive out others and oblige those entrenched in habits to get up and change them. Everywhere in France spearheads streak out in every direction, menace each other, and collide. From the clash of these vital forces results a continuous crackling, a light that skips, an electricity. The sparks from this electricity are our privilege. If an attempt were made to level out the bristling, to put the spearheads in order, to channel them in one direction, a revolt would ensue, and all those spearheads of the spirit would react like a Siamese cat with its fur rubbed the wrong way.

A Disobedient Country

France is disobedient. Because of her individualisms, she does not manage to submit to discipline. She admires and respects it in a country like yours; but before it she is psychologically, physically, and historically unable to bow. Serge de Diaghilev, who took the Ballet Russe all over the world, said to me one day: 'I like playing in Paris because it is the only city in which theatres still make lovers quarrel'.

Naturally, the mechanism I am speaking about has its other side. It does not produce only happiness. With everybody trying to dodge obstacles and evade the law, it happens—when the law is no longer that of art—that the genius of the race is expressed by the unpleasant features of fraud. The crook becomes an artist, a poet in his way, a creator. The phenomenon we then observe, for instance in the cinema world, is a curious reversal. In the past, works of the spirit were abstract, money concrete. Today work of the spirit has become concrete and money abstract. There is no money for a film at the beginning. There is none left at the end. Somewhere on the way, this mysterious money falls into a mysterious pocket, which is not that of the artist. I am not complaining, for it is still the same mechanism at work. Men of substance discovered that thought was a marketable commodity. As a result, instead of remaining in an ivory tower, thought travels the world without artists becoming any richer. They earn what they can while they live and meet a multitude of men whom artists of the past could only touch with difficulty, one by one, and, in general, after their death.

In some ways a conspiracy of noise has replaced that of silence. Din shatters the silence of the poet, for every great work is a silence. Still, it remains true that the propulsion of modern thought is more powerful and more vast than it was in the times of Baudelaire or of Renoir. Albeit, the greenhouses which supply the florist are not found in the cities. So a number of us no longer live in Paris, and we work either in the country or on the Riviera. We come to Paris only to publish or to exhibit the flowers of our solitude.

It sometimes happens that the spearheads projected all around make friendships binding men of different opinions difficult to understand. At the same time, young groups observing and gathered about them look at each other askance; they do not want to know each other. The disciples of the most contradictory French writers do not appreciate that a simple question of quality draws us together and that our friendship is formed over and beyond quarrels of schools of thought and the spearheads. Outside France, I am often asked, 'Since Sartre is a friend of yours, what do you talk about?'

'Never about existentialism'.

'Then what?'

'Everything . . .'. In a zone where antagonisms fuse, it is only upon recoil that they resume their original aspect: the problems within us are all of a piece. They seem antagonistic only because of the illusion of distance.

Luis Bunuel, who made 'The Andalusian Dog' and 'The Golden Age', told me that in Mexico his films are attributed to me and that my film, 'Blood of the Poet', is attributed to him. At the time they were made, twenty years ago, his films were considered surrealist and mine anti-surrealist. From afar, it is only the weight of a work which counts. The labels and posters covering it have come unstuck. Let me explain. Classicism and romanticism, the great schools opposing each other, no longer have any significance in Paris. Movements have displaced schools. Some poets write free verse, others regular verse. A heroic film is made at the same time as a film of sordid street incidents. The advent of the film producer changed much in the theatre. The public became accustomed by films to young heroes and no longer accepted the great tradition of famous but ageing actors playing youthful roles: Hamlet or Romeo, Ophelia or Juliet. The result was that shoulders broad enough to sustain such burdens could no longer be found, and little by little the director replaced the actor.

Today, everything has changed again. Directing, as a principal occupation, becomes fatiguing; and young actors like Jean Marais and Gérard Philipe are proving themselves capable of bearing great roles. Corneille's 'Le Cid' or Racine's 'Britannicus' are being given again; and in our plays we no longer fear to charge young shoulders with heavy loads. In short, if we can discern a vague tendency in this varied movement, it would be on the side of tragedy, even though the prestige of laughter maintains its prerogatives. The combination of genres exemplified by Shakespeare seems to be the happiest solution. I think, for instance, that my play, 'Les Parents Terribles', owed its good fortune to the weaving together of comedy and drama. I have always thought that the public could only express itself by laughter or by tears and that if a pretext to laugh and a pretext to weep were given alternately, the great horizons of the theatre might be grasped. Then, the personality of a theatrical work, like the personality of a character, would never be spun from only one yarn. This has been to some extent the defect of drama in France—with Molière, among others, for the *avare* remains miserly and the jealous man jealous. Vice and virtue must have weaknesses, for these are the mainspring of the theatrical profession.

Where, in Paris, may these vague tendencies take form? Where may these ephemeral modes of spirit be born? Paris is a collection of villages and little provincial towns. It happens nearly always that one of these fulfils itself. Once it was Montmartre and Montparnasse. Now it is St. Germain-des-Prés. You might believe that these *quartiers* do no more than provide a meeting ground for young people who loiter about launching little fashions in clothes. This is not so. In these focal points teen young minds with the potential force of an explosive. And the entire world visits them and turns its eyes toward a spectacle which at first glance seems a mere reflection of laziness and night-time racket.

Night into Day

What is a poet? A channel for deep and unplumbed forces. To be a poet is to be at the bidding of those forces. It is to be your own archaeologist, excavating within your own night. It is to bring your night into the full light of day. I am not speaking only of French poets, but of all poets. And you know something about it, since England has given us the greatest of them. There exists in France at present an incredible number of young poets. I do not claim that all of them appreciate the sacrifices required by the priesthood. Instead of being the workman who constructs a table, they dream of also being the mediums who summon up spirits to rap on it. They do not understand that a poet is a labourer and it is only after he has made his table that the public can assume the role of medium and make that table speak or keep still. For the purpose of the table is to make manifest what the public has only half-formulated.

Art is an interchange of waves. And, as science has just discovered with flowers and bees, the receiver and the transmitter must operate on the same wavelengths. The real difficulty consists in making ourselves understood by our own family, that is to say in our native land. There, until the day we die, we are considered as children who must always be scolded and who must never be encouraged for fear of their heads being turned. I have proof of it every time I take a trip abroad. Outside we no longer find a family: we find friends; those approving friends of whom our families are afraid.

Recently, during my exhibition of tapestries and pictures at the new Pinakothek in Munich, and upon the occasion of the first performance of my play 'Bacchus' in Düsseldorf, I incessantly had the absurd idea that I was a child being treated like an adult, and that I must not tell my family about my triumphs because they would not believe me and would only accuse me of fibbing. For the more methods of communication multiply, the more difficult becomes exchange of thought. Translations not made—or badly made; rumours which disfigure the truth;

scattered fragments of a completed work—the whole disorder of our modern tumult prevents the give-and-take once made possible by silence, correspondence, curious escapades, or a Madame de Stael who travelled to the four corners of the globe far, far more easily than we do. And is not it surprising to learn that Caesar conquered the Gauls, went to London, and returned to France, all within the space of eight days?

Still, I believe that the exchange of thought between artists can promote understanding between people separated by customs regulations and visa difficulties. I have proof of it each time I travel and can establish occult relations instead of official ones. Governments must understand this more and more and encourage those exchanges—stimulate the circulation. And have you not, in Great Britain, a Sovereign who is at home to artists, for whom the term 'Her Most Gracious Majesty' seems expressly to have been conceived, and who appears to understand what I have been trying to tell you a thousand times better than I have said it?—*Third Programme*

(Translated by Jack Palmer-White)

Gardening

Early Vegetables

By P. J. THROWER

IF you have any liming to do, I would say get it done at once, but do not just lime for the sake of liming. There is a tendency, I know, among allotment holders to lime every year; this is not necessary, it may even be to the detriment of your garden or allotment. Once in three years should be plenty, or, better still, get some samples from various parts of the garden and have them tested. It is quite a simple test and you can get it done by your local horticultural adviser, or if you belong to an allotment and garden society you should be able to get it done through them. In any case, I would not lime where I intend to plant potatoes. If there is a tendency for your potatoes to get common scab—that rough scabbiness on the skin—then liming will tend to make it worse. If this part of the garden does want liming, it can be done after the potatoes are taken off, before the next crop goes in.

Next we come to the use of fertilisers. I am sorry to be saying so much of 'don't do this and don't do that', but I would not put fertilisers on the ground at this time of the year; I mean, of course, general fertilisers which contain possibly sulphate of ammonia, superphosphate of lime, and either muriate or sulphate of potash: because I am quite sure that a lot of the value of these will be washed out of the ground before the crops are ready to make use of them, and they are far too expensive to waste. It is much better to keep them in a dry place and give them to the plants when they are making their growth. If you want to make a fuss of the onion bed and give it a dressing of bone meal or hoof-and-horn manure, or any of the slower acting organic manures, then there is no reason at all why you should not, because such as these take some time to break down and they will still be there when the onions want them. You can use these in the runner-bean trench or in the trench you are preparing for the sweet peas, and, by the way, if I were you I would leave the trenches open for a week or two yet and let the frost get into them. There is no doubt it does have a beneficial effect on the soil.

It is at this time of the year that cloches and dutch lights, or even the ordinary garden frames, are more useful than at any other time, for early vegetables and salads are always a treat in the house and very expensive if you have to buy them. By using the cloches or frames you can be anything up to three or four weeks ahead of those you grow outside, and that is a big consideration. Let us deal with the cloches first. If the ground has been dug over and exposed to the weather the cloches can be put into position. This should be done for a week or two before you sow, so that the soil will have a chance to dry, for a dry soil is always warmer than a wet one. Do not forget they will need either stringing together or fastening down in some way because breakages from strong winds can be very heavy.

Now we come to the question as to what we can sow. First, lettuce; and I would say two good varieties for this sowing are Tom Thumb and May Queen. Carrot: Early Horn; cabbage: Pride of the Market; peas: Little Marvel or Meteor; globe beetroot; cauliflower: All the Year Round; and radish: French Breakfast—all these are quite suitable for cloche cultivation. Choose a nice dry day, firm the soil and rake it

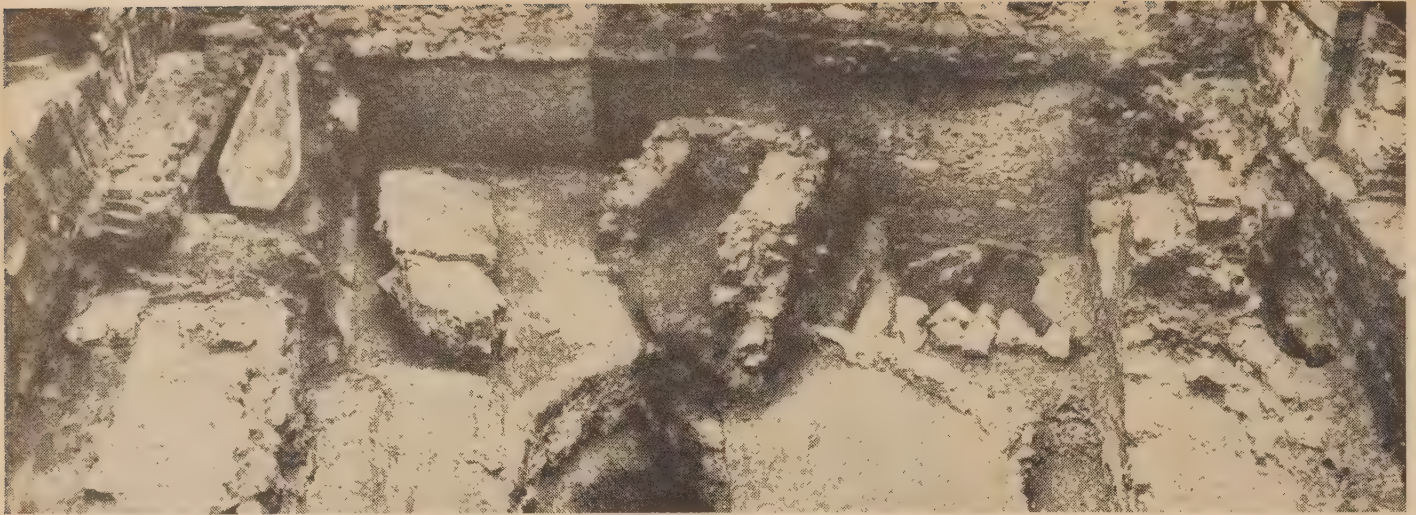
down as fine as you can, sow the seed as you would in the ordinary way and replace the cloches. One thing to remember when sowing early vegetables like these is that you require only a small sowing of each; otherwise, unless you have a large number of cloches, it is not possible to get the variety. Whatever you do, do not attempt to water, there will be plenty of moisture in the ground.

If we have an ordinary garden frame or a dutch-light frame we can be even a little bolder and put in some lettuce plants. A good variety for frames is Cheshunt 5B; these should be ready for use and cleared before we want the frames for hardening off the bedding plants and the outdoor tomato plants. We have also got to bear this in mind, that if we sow other vegetables in the frames it is only wise to put in those vegetables which will mature quickly and be used up before we want the frames for other purposes. Apart from lettuces and radishes, the best use we can put the frames to is the growing of early plants for planting out during April: these would include cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, and even peas and beans in pots and boxes. It would then not hinder us when we want the frames for the chrysanthemums and other plants.

While we are talking of early vegetables, what about some early rhubarb? If you have a greenhouse, the best plan is to lift a good root or two, put them under the greenhouse staging and keep the light away; but, failing this, upturned tubs or large buckets put over a few roots and then covered with straw will answer the purpose. It is surprising how quickly the plants will throw up those nice, tender, pinky-looking sticks. Later on, when the covering is removed, these plants should be marked with a peg so that the same roots are not covered up again next year. They are better left for a year or two before they are covered up and forced into growth again; otherwise they will get very weak and will not repay you for the trouble of covering them up.

Have you ever tried seakale? It is a really delicious early vegetable. One catalogue I have lists good roots for planting at 9s. a dozen. I well remember my father growing quite a lot of it, and as children we used to love it cooked and with a nice piece of butter on. It is well worth trying if you only put in half a dozen roots. These want planting now or in early April. They like a fairly rich soil; plant the roots about eighteen inches apart. The roots will no doubt throw up a number of shoots, and it is best to allow only one growth to develop, the others can be pulled off. They will make plenty of leafy growth which will die down in the autumn. Just after Christmas treat each root by covering with a tub or bucket, and the crowns will then throw up their juicy white stems with the little purple tinged leaves on the top. I am sure you would enjoy it as a vegetable, even without the butter, and it can of course be used in salads.—*From a talk in the Midland Home Service*

Playgoer's Record and Theatre Gallery Guide, 'for the impecunious aesthete', compiled by Susan Power and Patricia Yeomans with an introduction by Peter Ustinov, has been published by Alan Delgado (3s. 1d.),



The Sanctuary of St. Bride's, showing the curve of the Saxon apse in the foreground, enclosed by the square Norman chancel. The tombs are of later date

Archaeology

Lullingstone and St. Bride's

J. T. SMITH describes two recent excavations

AT most periods of history and pre-history Britain has been on the fringe of civilisation, so that British archaeologists usually expect to contribute to the study of their own country rather than to help elucidate the beginnings of world-wide historical processes. It is remarkable, therefore, that a Roman villa in Kent should recently have produced important evidence about the earliest architecture of a religion so closely identified with the Mediterranean as was Christianity during its first four centuries. At Lullingstone, a Roman house modified for religious uses is comparable to another at Dura-Europos on the Euphrates; Rome itself has produced the only other examples.

The site began in a modest way as a Kentish farmhouse about A.D. 100 and towards the end of the second century was greatly extended to become a large country mansion, a villa on a scale approaching Rhenish and Gaulish establishments. Its most remarkable architectural feature was a basement room, an undercroft, which formed a loggia or garden approach. This phase of prosperity was short-lived and was followed by half a century of complete desertion. The people who reoccupied the derelict buildings found there two marble portrait-busts perhaps left by the former owners. Since such busts were of great significance in Roman religion it was desirable to propitiate the spirits of the unknown dead whose likenesses had thus been preserved by chance. This was done by converting the basement into a cenotaph and placing the busts there with appropriate offerings in two small pottery vessels. Some time later, about A.D. 350, the room above the basement was decorated with Christian symbols, presumably becoming a private Christian chapel; this, apparently, without disturbing the sanctuary of the old religion, wherein two further votive pots were placed at about the same time. It is sufficiently remarkable to find a Christian shrine in the closest proximity to a contemporary pagan cenotaph; the mode of discovery is no less remarkable, for of the chapel itself no structural trace remained.

From the basement the excavator, Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Meates, F.S.A., recovered with remarkable skill many thousand fragments of painted wall plaster, together with much wood from the collapsed floor above. When the plaster was reconstructed traces appeared of two large Chi-Rho monograms, the characteristic sign of early Christianity, which seem to have been placed one inside and one outside the room, both facing the worshipper entering by the north door. The lower half of the west wall was covered by a flowered dado, the upper was divided by Ionic pilasters into six panels. Three panels appear to have contained figures with their arms outstretched in the early Christian attitude of prayer, one standing in front of a curtain, another distinguished by a

brown dress. At present, however, these conclusions are only tentative; reassembly of a relatively small area of the wall surface may substantially modify the iconographic scheme. One architectural conclusion emerges from examining the backing of this decorated plasterwork; it seems that the west wall was built of timber with a clay infilling, in contrast to the other walls which were of flint. Further excavation of the basement is hampered by the presence of a road, which will have to be diverted to permit the complete recovery of this most remarkable site.

Meanwhile at the church of St. Bride in Fleet Street Mr. W. F. Grimes, F.S.A., working on behalf of the Roman and Medieval London Excavation Council, has illuminated very different aspects of Christian archaeology. Here too are fragmentary traces of Roman building, but more interesting are the remains of a Saxon church which are just coming to light. Although only the apse has so far been found, and its precise dating and the complete plan await further work, this structural evidence conforms with two historical hints that the church was of pre-Conquest origin. One is the rare dedication to St. Bride or Bridget, who, as a Celtic saint, found little favour with the completely Romanised Norman churchmen; the other is that Westminster Abbey, which still retains the right of presenting a rector, presumably established this right through owning land hereabouts, land which it had sold by A.D. 1000. This building was succeeded by a Norman church, a simple type comprising a square chancel, a slightly wider presbytery, and a nave yet wider, with a north aisle opening off it. Many such churches were built throughout the country in the century after the Norman Conquest, when it was not to be expected that the small London parishes would put up anything out of the ordinary. Early in the fifteenth century the church was again altered to provide space for the several chantry chapels which constituted the usual form of benefaction for wealthy merchants. To this end the aisle was widened and two chapels added flanking the chancel, while the parishioners' pride was further expressed in building a west tower and south porch.

An important by-product of the excavation will be the anthropometric examination of the vast quantities of human bones discovered, in order to study physical changes in the population over several hundred years. The main results are twofold; some light is thrown on the very dim history of Saxon London, and a substantial addition is made to our knowledge of the medieval City churches, which were nearly all destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

The exhibition of paintings by Patrick Phillips referred to by Eric Newton last week is to be seen at Colnaghi's; at the Parsons' Gallery there is an exhibition by Roy Turner Durrant.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Navy in the War of William III, 1689-97: Its State and Direction

By John Ehrman. Cambridge. 63s.

WRITING OF WILLIAM III'S WAR with the French, De Foe declared that its two strategic maxims were: never fight without a manifest advantage, and never encamp where you may be forced to fight. If two generals observed these principles, they could always, in De Foe's opinion, avoid combat. This half serious *obiter dictum* is more relevant to the naval than to the military side of William's war, as illustrated by its two important battles—Beachy Head and Barfleure; for in the first of these Torrington, inferior in strength, avoided combat as much as possible, while in the second Russell, whose fleet greatly outnumbered that of the French, engaged them so successfully that they did not again attempt a major action at sea. In the first instance Torrington justified his somewhat ambiguous conduct on the plea that it left 'a fleet in being'; in the second instance Tourville fought an apparently hopeless action for two reasons: because he had been given to understand that a large part of the English fleet would desert to his side; and because he did not receive the order of recall until too late. Even thus most of his losses were suffered not by the ships which engaged the enemy, but by those which sought shelter in the bay of La Hougue. From all this the French deduced and applied the right conclusions—to avoid combat and devote themselves to the *guerre de course*, with the result that an enormous toll was taken of our merchant shipping by their privateers. We were vulnerable because we presented so many targets. Substitute submarine for privateer and we have the maritime conditions of the 1914-18 war; add aeroplane and we have those of 1939-45. As early as 1703 it was suggested that our Navy should include an auxiliary force of fast, heavily-gunned frigates for the purpose of hunting down the commerce raiders.

Thus William's naval war, in its general strategy, had more in common with twentieth-century conditions than with those of either the Tudor or Napoleonic periods when a Drake or a Nelson might seek and obtain a decisive verdict from the most final of all juries—the sea. Moreover, William himself had at first little interest in sea affairs, though he gradually came to realise something of their importance, first by insisting on the maintenance of a fleet in the Mediterranean, and later by directing that the French coast should be harassed by bombardment. Nor was he likely to be enamoured of our Navy by what he knew of our leading admirals, Torrington and Russell, each of whom is convincingly described by Mr. Ehrman, though his task has not been easy. But although this war was so unspectacular and so indecisive as to be merely a preliminary to the war of Anne's reign, nevertheless it is of great importance if only for its exploration and organisation of national resources, by the mobilisation of which Britain was eventually to secure a decision.

This provides the justification of Mr. Ehrman's book. As he rightly maintains, the Navy has its own economic and constitutional history; by proper focusing on the subject, we bring into vision large sections of interrelated matters, namely, national finance, by tracing the application of funds appropriated to naval purposes; economic history, by exploring the sources of the victuals supplied to the fleet; administrative history, by following the development of the Board of Admiralty and the status

assigned to its secretaries; general history, by elucidating the direction of policy, which was usually the responsibility of the king himself, acting with, or sometimes against, his cabinet. 'If national history may be compared to a cake', writes Mr. Ehrman, 'the different layers of which are different aspects of national life, then naval history is not a layer but a slice of that cake'. Hence the chapters on such subjects as Material and Supply, Shipyards and Dockyards, Officers and Men, Victualing, Estimates and Accounts. On the technical side of his subject the author is extremely well informed. He also gives a good account of the Pepysian Legacy, and the chapter on the fleet in the Mediterranean corrects and supplements that given by the late Sir Julian Corbett. The book is based on a great volume of original material, and for its elucidation of the technical and administrative elements of this war it provides a notable contribution to British naval history.

There are few points at which the reviewer can cavil. But it is not quite true that after May 1691 our fleet prevented supplies from reaching Ireland (p. 380). About 30 French ships with supplies for besieged Limerick did reach the mouth of the Shannon in September, but General Ginkell had taken the precaution of arresting the Irish pilots who were waiting for them, so the ships, unable to proceed up the river, had to put into Dingle Bay, and Limerick fell. More important, the book might with considerable advantage have been reduced in size. Not that it is verbose; on the contrary, it is close packed, but its length of 700 pages is bound to limit its appeal. At many points some detail might have been spared.

Henry Fielding: His Life, Works and Times. By F. Holmes Dudden.

Oxford. 2 vols. £5.5s.

This is a book for the brave. 1,100 pages, nearly 500,000 words of print, it stretches out like a great, grey empty sea, stark and forbidding; starker and more forbidding for those who have already navigated the three heavy volumes of the *Life of Fielding* by Wilbur L. Cross. But plunge in and swim! At times the distant shore will seem too remote; stick at it! Plough on through the long, remorseless précis of every novel, play, pamphlet, and poem; on, on through the descriptions of theatres, book shops, coffee houses, law courts, to the last long voyage to Lisbon. When the spirit flags, take consolation from the fact that Dr. Dudden has deliberately resisted 'the temptation to deviate into attractive by-ways'. Fortunately, too, Dr. Dudden did not consider it desirable 'to discuss exhaustively all the productions of Fielding's many-sided genius. . . . Some of his opuscles, particularly those concerned with politics, are mere ephemera—trivial pieces educed by temporary circumstances and destitute of permanent value. In the case of these, a short summary of the contents with, now and then, the quotation of some striking passage comprised therein, has been deemed sufficient'. Even so the book may seem too vast for an author who only left, apart from some business correspondence, five letters behind, forcing Dr. Dudden to use 'the frequent parabases intercalated in his novels'.

Yet it would be a tragedy if this book were to sink into obscurity under its own weight or become a mere refuge for the idle undergraduate who prefers a sixty-page description of *Joseph Andrews* to the book itself. In spite of its length,

in spite of the dreary pomposity of its style, in spite of the banality of most of its judgments, this book deserves to be read from the beginning to the end. What emerges is not a vivid picture of Fielding, but an impressive panorama of English life of the eighteenth century. Dr. Dudden has a robust passion for facts. He needs to know the exact price of theatre seats, the precise way lotteries were run. Whatever aspect of life Fielding touched upon, and he touched many, Dr. Dudden illuminates with his immense knowledge of the social history of the time, a knowledge which is derived from a wide reading of contemporary literature.

Fielding at the beginning of his career was deeply involved in the acrimonious campaign waged against Walpole by Bolingbroke and his associates of the *Craftsman*. The relations of the government and the opposition, with the press were most involved, but they have been closely investigated by Lawrence Hanson, C. B. Realey, and others. It seems a pity that Fielding's contribution should be treated in such isolation, for although each play, pamphlet, or essay is examined with minute care little is done to relate his work to the general press campaign, which these scholars have so ably explored. It is a pity, too, that Dr. Dudden has been content to rely almost solely on Hervey's *Memoirs* for his judgments of men of affairs. Hervey's malicious wit brings adornment to any page, but not always reliability, and poor old Newcastle once more makes his appearance as an anxiety-ridden buffoon. Indeed the passages which deal with politics and politicians are very unreliable. Hackneyed and outmoded concepts which are being eradicated from school text-books sprout like mushrooms on the wide spaces of this book. Certainly when not describing Fielding's work in elaborate but lucid detail, Dr. Dudden is happiest with the concrete facts of everyday existence.

And one final criticism—surely it was not necessary to excuse Fielding's weaknesses nor to gloss his vices. It is impossible to make his life fit the pattern of virtues he loved to extol. At times in his life he was licentious, drunken, and feckless with money. His experience of the darker side of life of Hanoverian England was as personal as Hogarth's; and like him, he brought to it the fresh clear vision of a born artist.

This book has glaring faults but it will live, a little obscurely perhaps, yet for many years. It will be used as a quarry and plundered by less industrious men. But everyone interested in eighteenth-century life and letters will be faced by the hard necessity of reading every word of it.

The Disinherited Mind: Essays in Modern German Literature and Thought. By Erich Heller.

Bowes and Bowes. 18s.

This volume presents a series of essays organically connected and written in the apocalyptic vein much favoured by present-day German literary critics, to whom indeed the age we live in offers but too abundant material for gloom on a cosmic scale. This is certainly driven home by nearly all the works and authors (with the exception of Goethe) selected by Professor Heller to illustrate his thesis: the utterly and hopelessly disinherited state of the European mind, bereft of religious conviction and tormented by religious yearnings. The 'honest doubter' of

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Book Society Recommendation

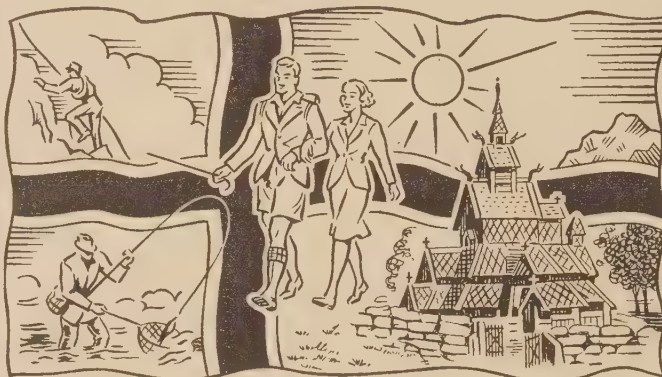
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Victorian days appears almost like a figure of fun beside the titanic spiritual creators, faced not with chaos but with a void, to whom the present volume is dedicated. In his penetrating analysis of Rilke and Nietzsche, the author reveals the identity between the Superman and the Duino Angels as part of the process of creation from despair; and here he proves his point up to the hilt. In a different way he illuminates the dilemma of the European mind in *Burckhardt and Nietzsche*, making a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the former, and presenting his case in a refreshingly temperate manner; whereas, in other essays, overstatement and over-emphasis arouse the spirit of contradiction; and now and again 'the still small voice that whispers: Fiddlesticks!' attempts to be heard. This may detract from the value of the work as a whole considered as creative criticism; nevertheless as a book about literature it is both fascinating to read and very illuminating, weakest perhaps in the approach to Kafka's *Castle* where the author's dismay at the vision of life presented blinds him to the beauty of the presentation. But here we verge on that slippery ground, the relation between poetry and thought, where Professor Heller has ventured in the wake of many others, but where the present writer refuses to follow, turning instead to applaud the display of brilliance in the attack on Spengler and in the remarkable introduction to the work of Karl Kraus.

Like all his thoughtful contemporaries, Professor Heller is profoundly perturbed by the trend of modern civilisation, if indeed life in the twentieth century still deserves that name. It is unhappily a truism that the technical and scientific achievements of mankind have far outstripped its dawning sense of humanity and disrupted its religious convictions. But to deduce the utter disinherence of the European mind for these reasons is to disregard at least two vital factors: the completely desperate spiritual state prevailing in the past when belief in God entailed belief in eternal damnation; and the real religious revival which seems to be gaining ground in western Europe and is already discernible in its literature, and also discernible in the present volume. Yet here, as elsewhere, the author is hard to pin down, and indeed at times to follow. It is the Germanic mode, which caused Byron to exclaim more than a hundred years ago when reading Friedrich Schlegel's *History of Literature*: 'He always seems upon the verge of meaning; and, lo, he goes down like sunset, or melts like a rainbow'.

Facing Mount Kenya

By Jomo Kenyatta.

Secker and Warburg. 18s.

Among all the recent manifestations of nationalism in tropical Africa the present disturbances in Kenya are peculiar, in that they represent a reaction, not merely against Europeans, but against western civilisation. In West and Central Africa, African Christians have often been in the forefront of nationalistic agitation; in Kenya they have been the hard core of the opposition to it. In Central and West Africa nationalists cry out for more western education and technology, they complain that the European is trying to retard their development; in Kenya they aim to drive out the European in order that the Kikuyu may return to their tribal life. It is the more interesting, therefore, that the acknowledged leader of Kikuyu nationalism should be the author of an anthropological treatise (first published in 1938 and now reprinted), which is commended as such to the public in an introduction by the late Professor Malinowski.

Facing Mount Kenya is clearly and cleverly written. Under its scientific chapter-headings, it

is the work of a story-teller and an orator. It is, of course, as far as possible from being a work of science. It is a caricature of the anthropological romanticism of the 'twenties and early 'thirties. Life in a state of nature, so far from being solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short, was gregarious, innocent, uninhibited, healthy and long. In this Eden there was no poverty, for land was plentiful and work a joy. Polygamy took care of the orphan and the widow, and filial piety sweetened the trials of old age. Everybody was unselfish in those days, and one might be sure that even customs like female circumcision, which appeared barbaric, had a social purpose which was always good. Unfortunately, there tended to be one weakness in these perfect societies, namely that everything was so completely integrated with everything else, that the moment European intrusion impinged upon any part of the delicate mechanism, all the other parts were simultaneously thrown out of gear.

Assumptions like these could be useful in the training of anthropological field-workers, the more intelligent of whom were prepared to modify them in the light of experience. To a political thinker from the tribe itself, who was more prepared to exaggerate than to modify, these assumptions could lead to only one conclusion. The Kikuyu way of life was so infinitely superior to that of the west, that simple extrusion of everything European could be the only objective. In a political parable which concludes the chapter on Land Tenure, the invaded owner of the land sets the invaders disputing among themselves about their rights of penetration, and then, while they are all embroiled together, sets fire to the house in which they are debating. Then he goes home saying 'Peace is costly but it's worth the expense' and lives happily ever after. For land, says Kenyatta, is the key to the people's life: 'It secures for them that peaceful tillage of the soil which supplies their material needs and enables them to perform their magic and traditional ceremonies in undisturbed serenity, facing Mount Kenya'.

The Field of Nonsense

By Elizabeth Sewell.

Chatto and Windus. 15s.

There are not many English writers of the nineteenth century who are more widely read and considered today than Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear. They have already elicited a considerable critical literature, but a book devoted to the study of both, which is both new and fundamental, is twice to be welcomed. Miss Sewell's work is not so much an evaluation of these writers as an enquiry, both ordered and penetrating, into the theme of nonsense as it finds illustration in their works. Her approach is scientific without pretence, and will disconcert as much as it convinces. Her method is ruthless and precisian to a degree that would have satisfied even the mania for order which was one of the few personal traits which the two masters of nonsense had in common. It is definitely not a book for those who cannot enjoy Carroll, but it is essential to the further enjoyment of those who do.

The most salutary part of Miss Sewell's task has been to demolish a set of fallacies on the subject of nonsense literature, easily held because they have never been logically enquired into. She rightly begins with the analogy of the game, via nursery rhymes. Nonsense is *not*, like surrealism, an assertion of disorder, however much it may seem to be so. It is in fact the reverse of that. It is an organised game with the finite but discrete world of numbers and things, the things being represented in the game by the counters of words. The game has a set of complex and rigid rules, too much so to be briefly summarised, and there is certainly room

for disagreement with some of the author's minor definitions. But all who share her interest will agree with the importance which she allots it:

It is possible that Carroll is the English manifestation of the French logic and rigour which produced the work of Mallarmé, also labelled nonsense in its time. Carroll is perhaps the equivalent of that attempt to render language a closed and consistent system on its own; but he made his experiment not upon poetry but upon Nonsense. Where the Frenchman's poems may be taken to be a commentary on poetry itself, the Englishman makes his Nonsense a commentary upon Nonsense, no less obscure or rigorous in its nature, and sharing that tendency towards logic and mathematics in which he had the advantage of his French counterpart, since he was a professional.

But in the author's closely mapped field, comparisons can only be invoked in order to be limited. Nonsense is not a kind of poetry, though it is often verse. Its relations with poetry are of the chilliest, because it must at all costs avoid poetry's chief aims, the mystic unification, the generalising from the particular, the vision of one thing in terms of another. Nonsense insists that things should be absolutely themselves. That is one of its satisfactions, and the reason why it can begin in the child's mind. Things must remain the counters they are unless they can be transformed by a fixed rule, as the pawn in chess can become, like Alice, a queen.

Pure nonsense, like Humpty Dumpty, is seen in the end to be delicately poised among a set of fatal predicaments. It must avoid infinity as much as it must avoid the fear of nothingness. Its only safety is in the world of numbers and things. It must avoid the dangerous significance of dreams. The sense of beauty can be as fatal to it as the sense of mystery. Perhaps Miss Sewell is a purist to extremes, and accordingly insists a little too much on the negative definition. It is possible to see nonsense not as an escape from disorder but as a positive attack on it at its finite extreme. One of its chief rewards is that it can summon the most alien objects—shoes, ships, sealing-wax, cabbages, kings—into an inexplicable but satisfying order. One might also wish that the author had slightly extended the field of her observations, say, to some of the work of Pirbank in the fairy-tale convention, or to the early sketches of Jane Austen, which are a kind of nonsense, as purely organised in their way as the work of Carroll. And indeed, the fascination of Jane Austen's novels is that they are as precisely conducted as a game, a game whose every rule their author could have enunciated if she had wanted to. But nonsense holds the element of play in common with other arts. Like wisdom, according to Aquinas, who is here frequently and profitably invoked, it is to be pursued for its own sake.

Lord Byron: Christian Virtues

By G. Wilson Knight.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

Mr. Wilson Knight has written an unequalled eulogy of Byron, which is commendably brave, and—since biographers are too fond of denigrating—in one way salutary. It uses no new material, and barely discusses the reliability of what it takes as sources: the method Mr. Knight uses being that which he has used elsewhere, and called 'spatial analysis'. Here, this name is at once too intimidating and too impressive, for the method seems to have no special connection with space. But instead of writing a chronicle, the author takes Byron's personality part by part, and seeks to show its outstanding merit by bringing together all his relevant actions and utterances, and supplementing these profusely with favourable comments

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of those who knew him. Many readers will find that the book modifies their notion of Byron, and in some respects it should bring them nearer the truth. Even his wisest biographers have scored off him more than they ought. But the whole picture which emerges from it is perhaps an impoverishment of Byron's personality as much as an enhancement: he is given so many virtues that the virtue goes out of him. His gusto, wit, and spontaneity become obscured in a vision of Byron as 'educator', statesman, and saint. Exhilarating downrightness like 'poor Hunt, with his six little blackguards... was there ever such a *kraal* out of the Hottentot country?' is submerged in Byron's 'love of children and youth in general' (page 29); and when we read that 'the key to his personality and his poetry' was 'a Christian, mothering care, rising to a Catholic sweetness' (page 85), it is hard to remember that Byron's principal claim as poet may well be his unique and scintillating contribution to English satire. Mr. Knight promises to discuss Byron's failings in a subsequent volume; what this book passes over, though, is not something bad in his personality, but something good.

Enthusiasm, in fact, seldom makes the ideal advocate. It is admirable to find Mr. Knight linking Byron's life closely to his verse, but the first page of the book is daunting: Byron is 'our greatest poet in the widest sense... since Shakespeare', second to none in prose, more important still as a man. And as with most enthusiasts, Mr. Knight finds nothing extravagant and nothing trivial. The frequent comparisons with Christ are duly indexed, and along with Byron's finest insights and actions we have a list of the twenty-five countries mentioned in his verse (as proof of historical expertise), and evidence of his refined pronunciation (page 228), love of animals, advanced views on medicine, and eyes that changed colour with his thoughts (page 278). His own beliefs and utterances are taken, too, somewhat disarmingly at their face value: if he thinks he is Napoleonic or Promethean, that helps to show he really is; the cry (in his last delirium) 'Follow my example—don't be afraid', simply confirms his courage; and if he said that he wrote poetry to escape from himself, so he did.

It is not easy to see, on the material of this book, how Mr. Knight could argue otherwise. One cannot assess a man's knowledge of himself from a survey of his virtues: one must have a decisive insight into his whole nature and its whole organisation. This book may remind biographers that condescension is not a form of this insight, but a substitute for it. One cannot, though, see the book as achieving what biography can achieve—a conclusion with which Mr. Knight, on the evidence of his preface might readily agree.

Benjamin Britten: A commentary on his works from a group of specialists.

Edited by Donald Mitchell and Hans Keller. Rockliffe. 30s.

The phrase 'a group of specialists', in the title above, conveys an unfortunate suggestion that the eminent object of their commentary is in a bad way, whereas this four-hundred-page bulletin returns, with scarcely a dissentient note, a verdict of abounding musical health. We learn, however, from Hans Keller, that 'a violent repressive counter-force' has overcome the sadism latent in Benjamin Britten's pacifism. ... 'By dint of character, musical history and environment, he has become a musical pacifist too'.

The orgy of psycho-analysis in which Mr. Keller indulges in the chapter from which the above quotation is taken, and the re-printing in it of a provocative thesis, published some years

ago, in which he indicated similarities between Britten and Mozart, will generate more heat than light in many readers, and it is only fair to state that the remainder of the book, though monotonously laudatory, is on a considerably higher level.

The practising musicians, among these 'specialists', write more engagingly and are, in general, more enlightening than the professional critics. Peter Pears, for example, is admirable on the vocal music, and George Malcolm, in an excellent chapter on the Britten version of 'Dido and Aeneas', gives a vivid sketch of the composer on the job in the theatre which completes Lord Harewood's pleasant portrait of the man. Among the professional writers Donald Mitchell on Britten's 'Englishry' and Dr. Hans Redlich on the choral works have a good deal that is interesting and useful to say, but the inconclusive chapters on the operas would probably have proved more satisfactory had one author, instead of four, dealt with this most important part of the composer's output.

The book, which is well produced and generously supplied with musical illustrations and photographs, contains a discography, by Desmond Shawe-Taylor, which shows how much more amply Britten's music is represented on records in America than in this country.

Achievement in Education: The Work of Michael Ernest Sadler, 1885-1935.

By Lynda Grier: Introduction by Sir John Maud. Constable. 30s.

Sir Michael Sadler's life was written by his son, Michael Sadleir, soon after his death; but it was left to his friend, Miss Lynda Grier, who worked with him at both Leeds and Oxford, to give an account of his work for education. This she has now done at the modest length of 260 pages and with a well-deserved enthusiasm for her subject. Michael Sadler was indeed the foremost educational thinker and planner of his day—almost the only man of really first-rate quality to devote almost his whole life to what most of his contemporaries who were his equals in capacity deemed a dull and uninspiring subject suitable only for second-rate minds. Sadler's mind was of the highest quality: indeed it was so swift in its pounces and so alive to the most diverse impressions that he was often regarded by lesser men as superficial simply because they could not keep up with the racing pace of his thought. His deepest wish throughout was to spread culture and knowledge to the people and, as a foundation for this, to bring into being a thorough and well-conceived structure of secondary education. His best writing, which was very good (he had a fine sense of style), is to be found in the voluminous reports he wrote when he was in charge of the research section of the Board of Education and, later, in his celebrated report on Calcutta University. The big history of education in England which he planned and worked on intermittently for many years was never written because he was again and again called off to do other things.

He had begun his career at Oxford as the inspirer and organiser of University Extension when it was nearly new; and in his later active years he returned to Oxford as Master of University College, which he rescued with great skill from the bad times that had come upon it. But he was never quite at home in Oxford, for the reason that his eyes were always on the schools—not so much the 'public schools' as the schools at which higher education was made available for those whose parents could not afford a 'public school'—and Oxford in his day was very much aloof from grammar schools and from the new secondary schools he had a great deal to do with creating. In Oxford he

always conveyed the sense of a great bird in a cage, beating wings in vain, or even of an angel, caged up as a bird, always hoping, not so much to escape; as to have the door opened for him by his converted captors, in whose company he would then joyfully soar into infinite space. For one of Sadler's outstanding qualities was his eternal hopefulness, his resilience from disappointment at defeat, and his sheer incapacity for thinking ill of his opponents. He was a most lovable person, as well as a great man; and his greatness was the less recognised because he so seldom hit back in his own defence.

All these qualities Miss Grier brings out. Readers who did not know Sadler may be inclined to suggest that the picture she paints of him is too good to be true. But it is not: Sadler was quintessentially good, as well as sage. His fault was an incapacity to go slowly enough, in personal contacts, to give others time to understand. This fault is not present in his writings; and it is a misfortune (but a remediable one) that these are so largely buried where only the sedulous expert is nowadays likely to find them. Above all else, what Sadler wrote about the right relations between technical and literary education and about the place of the education of hand and eye in the school system deserves to be rescued from the massive reports in which it lies buried, and to be published in a form in which it will be read by teachers, by members of education committees, and, not least, by university dons in science faculties as well as in the arts. Sadler was essentially an artist. He had a deep love of the arts, and of new experimental work in them. This often led to queer imbroglis with educationists who did not share his tastes; but it made him a force in the formation of artistic opinion in the educational world none the less. He deserves to be remembered in his own right; and Miss Grier would add greatly to our debt to her if she would follow this book with a judicious choice of writings expounding his educational philosophy and outlook.

Social Psychology. By T. M. Newcomb. Tavistock Publications. 30s.

Professor Newcomb is one of the most distinguished social psychologists in America, and an English edition of his text-book is to be welcomed. It is a leisurely work, as is the case with so many American books on social psychology and sociology, and this means that, although the reader is borne comfortably along, he sometimes wonders whether he will ever get to the end of his 663-page journey. Of course text-books are not necessarily meant to be read straight through, but rather to be consulted, and there is much in Professor Newcomb's book worth attention. His opening discussion on the sorts of questions the social psychologist sets out to answer, and his insistence on the scientific canons of verification are admirable. His treatment of attitude testing brings us nothing new, but if we pass on we come to a masterly analysis of the development of self-other awareness. This is followed by an elaborate description of the way we are shaped by the roles that societies expect us to play, the way some of them frustrate us, and the way some people are hampered by having conflicting demands to cope with. Finally there is a section on group membership, group conflict, and group solidarity. All text-books tend to have some particular excellence, due doubtless to the special interests of the author. The particular excellence here lies in the way in which Professor Newcomb unravels the complex interaction between the prescribed norms of society and the 'protoplasm' (as he calls us) that meets them, resulting in the actual 'role-playing' which constitutes social life.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Heroes in the Home

NO MAN IS a hero to his own valet, said a wise-acre in the days when heroes had valets. Now there are no more such, what is the modern equivalent? Perhaps one could say 'No man is a hero on the television screen'; that little grey hole in the west somehow refuses to frame the heroic dimension. In vain do we peer at furrowed brows, ardours, cups of tea, stern decisions; all remain flat, down to earth, suburban. Whereas heroism, I take it, must have some sort of kindling quality, which can be fudged up in a theatre before a live audience quickly enough, or put together with cunning in the film-cutting room; but seems to elude direct transmission through a tube.

For such reasons a play about a false hero suits itself nicely enough to the medium. George Coulouris is clever at suggesting the bogus, yet without too obviously giving the game away, and Bessie Love, whom we have seen in her day lashed to the mast by the senior Douglas Fairbanks, now takes a nice line in middle-western momma types and was excellently suited to the part of the knowing wife. The level is well below Barrie at his best but something above many of the 'B' movies one sees while waiting for trains; in fact approaching the 'Mr. Deeds' or 'Theodora Goes Wild' class. I should think it gave a lot of pleasure. Neither accents nor scene-shifting worried us unduly, which means that luck and a good producer were in league.

Two other minor sorts of hero had us watching with interest. One was a desperate fellow in a public call-box who made about thirty three-penny calls in half an hour. Nice to have so much loose change; was the cause of his

anxiety, the trouble he was in, that he had rifled a ticket machine? I seem to remember this little thriller-for-one by Peter Brook some time ago as a sound-only play; without labouring the point, I thought it more effective when it came at you like a series of desperate conversations on a crossed line. Seeing poor Mr. Helpmann, who sustained the visual side of it without flagging, did not greatly add to it. But it was an effective little piece and we did not

Robertson Hare and Ralph Lynn conjoined in calamity, female impersonation, and trouble with the police. Ben Travers' farce is of and for the theatre; the facetious, jaunty japes might easily misfire when inspected under a home microscope, but the performance was highly enjoyable, more so than much humour planned for television.

In this latter class we have seen some pleasing efforts, however. Arthur Askey's material was not very exhilarating: the episode about letting a room for the Coronation was conversely just the sort of sketch which might have gone very well in a music-hall. But slapstick—on a screen at all—has to meet the competition of the film, with its trickery and editorship; here, it was decidedly laborious. The other sketches, in which Mr. Askey appeared as a funny policeman, was better. But generally it was not the occasion but Mr. Askey himself who was the cause of the fun, like a larkish best man at a suburban wedding, saving a melancholy party.

In Henry Hall's evening, Reg Dixon did very well in a matter of minutes in what must be difficult circumstances — making viewers laugh as well as the over-enthusiastic audience round about him. Here is a comedian who thrives on the close-up; 'confidentially' as you might expect.

Apart from 'Asmodee', most worthy of its repetition, both the other considerable pieces of the fortnight had dealt with the question of hero and valet; saint and acolyte.

Paul Vincent Carroll's 'Shadow and Substance' might be called specious; for it only touches the surface of the problems of faith which it propounds, and resolves them in a stagey way, with an accident and a disfiguring of the little 'saint', Brigid, the Canon's maid. But perhaps it is not part of a play's job to debate funda-



'It is Midnight, Dr. Schweitzer', with (left to right) Greta Gynt as Sister Marie, Reginald Tate as Leblanc, André Morell as Dr. Schweitzer, and Douglas Wilmer as Father Charles de Ferrier

fuss unduly about the threepences; or pause in more than mild surprise when he 'got through' before the 'purring sound' or ringing tone had ceased. It is nice when art does *not* copy life.

From the Aldwych came a potted version of 'Wild Horses' before an invited (and apparently delighted) audience. Here was joint heroism:



'The Hero', with (left to right) Colin Campbell as Larry, George Coulouris as Joshua Holcomb, and Bessie Love as Harriet Quinn



Mabel Constanduros as Earthy Mangold and Frank Atkinson as Worzel Gummidge in the new television series for children

mentals; scratching the surface is all one can hope to do. At all events, with Siobhan McKenna and Basil Sydney as the menial saint and the hero respectively the intellectual interest ran much above television average.

'It is Midnight, Dr. Schweitzer' was a well-meant but rather dubious tribute to the great Alsatian doctor, theologian, and musician. I don't mean just the trouble about pronouncing his name, which afflicted various people from the announcer downwards. But the one quality which it would seem important to bring out in such a ceremony of canonisation is the man's devotion, a quality hard to illustrate in terms of rather stiff and sententious drama, with a sort of 'off-White Cargo' atmosphere, jungle noises, and hospital nurses wondering whether 'anyone has the right to happiness' and other magazine-like sentiments. These were, in all fairness, incidental; and the core of the play, however sticky with sententiousness, did consist in some sort of examination of what greatness and indeed saintliness truly are. André Morell suggested the sincerity of the man; to suggest his breadth of sympathy and passionate intellectual energy was perhaps beyond him, with what was set down for him to speak. The total effect was curiously dispiriting, as if a miasma of defeat hung over Lambarené. I must say that was not the impression I had of Dr. Schweitzer the only time I saw him. But he would not probably have disapproved; too small an attitude for him to adopt.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Fox and Grapes

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE of last year's Stratford Festival was the emergence of Jonson's Sir Politick Would-Be. The consequential ass is usually a clean cut from 'Volpone'; Michael Hordern restored him in full inventive fussiness ('I love to be considerative'). Sir Politick had vanished from the radio revival of the play (Home), but we have to agree that he is a luxury, an obvious sacrifice. Mr. Hordern, still with us, went over to Volpone himself; he acted the Fox with a gusty relish, clapping roundly into the verse, which cannot be fidgeted with; speaking 'Come, my Celia', which is more sensible than singing it; rattling off his Scooto of Manfua—that was a nicely-judged pause before the name of the city in the line, 'After eight months' absence from this illustrious city of Venice'—and, in general, working through the complicated text as though he enjoyed every word. That must have been difficult: 'Volpone' is like a mechanical toy that needs frequent rewinding.

True, Peter Watts, in a swift production, had made the re-winding easy. The cast did not falter, and Alan Wheatley's Mosca had the right greasy giggle. But the discomfiture of Crow, Vulture, and Raven in the Venetian jungle grows tedious, however aptly it is presented. It is a cruel play, and the final verdicts in another 'strict court of Venice' end it cruelly. For the sake of Mr. Hordern, Mr. Wheatley, and some of the lines, though no comedy comes in less like 'star-light hid with jewels', the revival was worth hearing. Now 'Volpone' might have a rest.

After the fox, the grapes: Jean Cocteau's 'Bacchus' (Third), another harsh play. Its centre is a traditional masquerade at the wine-harvest in a Swiss town at the dawn of the Reformation. Here a supposed idiot (his personal masquerade), chosen as the 'Bacchus', monarch of the vine with complete authority for a week, faces public vengeance because he has sought to put Christian ideals into practice. The characters may act from kindly motives, as Cocteau says, but much of the play seems to have been written with a nutmeg-grater. Its best thing is an edged

debate between 'Bacchus' and a Cardinal from Rome, between fervour and frosted clarity. In sum, it is a piece wordy and uninspiring. Felix Aylmer's Cardinal ('I am examining the contradictions of your dialectic') ruled the night for me. John van Eyssen, the Bacchus, hardly got on terms with an alarming part. The producer (E. J. King Bull) did his imaginative best with a piece which we can be glad, at any rate, that the Third has aired.

From Cocteau it is a far journey to Le Fanu and to the storms of mid-Victorian Derbyshire, the melodrama of 'Uncle Silas' (Home) and the ordeal of Maud Ruthyn. 'Even now, when she thinks about it, it makes her shudder and grow sick with fear'. No wonder. H. Arnold Hill (dramatist) and Mary Hope Allen (producer) created the appropriate feeling of cumulative terror. With Le Fanu and some of his contemporaries one used to hesitate before turning a page: the feeling came back on Sunday, thanks to Marjorie Westbury, Gladys Spencer (these governesses!), and Carleton Hobbs, who was Uncle Silas: hardly—one would say—a Derby bright. Beside this, 'Spring Harvest' (Home) was mild lemonade against rum-punch. Somebody in Alan Kennington's school tale (confined to the staff), says, a shade self-consciously, 'We're stock characters'. Indeed they are, though the dramatist has tried to vary them. As it was, one had to depend upon the transforming voices of the cast. The whole affair was a confidence trick for which Cecil Trouncer, Isabel Dean, and Avice Landone should be saluted. It was not until their tones had faded that one realised how indifferent the material had been.

In 'Take It From Here' (Light) one took some odd disclosures about parents and children, a song about a hippopotamus in glorious mud, and news of a pirate film on Short Joan Silver. Funny? Well, off and on, though I expect my ribs to ache more consistently. By going to Waverley Ango in 'The Faithful Heart' (Light) for his stars-in-their-choices part, Ian Hunter chose and acted unpretentiously. Monckton Hoffe's old piece about a sailor-into-Colonel and back again (with its fight between living and dead) has still a gentle glow.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Tough Stuff

THERE WAS some tough listening last week, and by tough I mean listening which exacts heavy work for small profits. Too many broadcasters, lecturers, pastors, and masters ignore the simple rule that the tougher the stuff, the more attractive must be its presentation. Not only must no obstacles be put in the listener's way; his attention must be attracted and held from start to finish. In invisible broadcasting this is especially the case because all depends on delivery: the obdurate microphone rebuffs the gesticulations and grimaces which might have given a fillip to the colourless speech. Not only that: the most conscientious radio-set tamperers, even though ever so slightly, with the broadcaster's voice.

It was this that so severely handicapped my appreciation of two talks—'The Hazard of Modern Poetry' by Erich Heller and 'The Conscious Use of Myth' by the Rev. U. E. Simon in the 'Myth and Faith' series—that for me they were wasted effort. Mr. Simon read rather than spoke his talk, and something in the way the microphone, or my set, or both, treated his voice and accent made it impossible for me to follow what he was saying. The same, in a different way, was true of Mr. Heller's talk. I could hear that it was admirably written and eloquently spoken, but the transmission dealt unkindly with his foreign accent and I missed so many essential words that I could not follow

his argument. When the listener misses words at frequent intervals the talk becomes a total loss to him, and the loss can be little less than total even when he catches every word, if the effort to do so monopolises all his attention. He catches the sound only by sacrificing the sense. I feel that cases such as these should be more carefully vetted by producers and that when there is any doubt the talk should be read by a trained broadcaster.

The second discussion under the title 'The Seizure of Power: a Study in Twentieth-Century Revolutions' was concerned with events in Belgrade in March 1941, in Rome in July 1943, and the abortive plot against Hitler in July 1944. The speakers were Hugh Seton-Watson, F. W. Deakin, and Alan Bullock. This, to the attentive listener, and still more to the judicious note-taker, was an extraordinarily interesting programme not only because the speakers gave a detailed account of each occasion, but even more because, by comparing the differences and likenesses in each, they extracted a psychology of the *coup-d'état* which was extremely enlightening.

Very enlightening, too, was Geoffrey Barraclough in a talk called 'Europe in Perspective', in which he claimed that there is urgent need of a thorough revision of the conventional view of European history which is still based on the assumptions of the German historian Ranke. These assumptions are no longer valid; indeed, if I rightly understood Professor Barraclough, they never were. This was tough listening because the talk was so tightly packed, and delivered at a speed and in a level tone which made listening a duty rather than a pleasure; but the clearness of the speaker's exposition and the novel view he presented made it a fascinating talk.

By way of light relief came Magnus Pyke's talk on 'Eating Insects'. John the Baptist, we know, ate locusts, and Dr. Livingstone pronounced them to be superior to shrimps, while others note a similarity to hazel-nuts. White ants, fried in butter, are said to be a rare delicacy in the Belgian Congo, but it would be as well, I think, to get somebody else to buy them by the handful at the market and bring them to table already crisp and browned. As for moths on toast or raw palm worms, thick as your finger—no, I think not. An instructive, horrible, and very amusing talk.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

French and English

THE PROGRAMMES of French operatic music have made a big jump from Lully and Charpentier to Philidor and Grétry. This meant missing out Rameau and—more understandably, since we do hear his operas now and then—Gluck. I had it in mind to say that it was a pity that the opportunity was missed of allowing us to hear the Covent Garden performance of 'Orpheus'. For though I did not greatly care for the South Bank Exhibition style of the production, musically the performance was excellent, and Kathleen Ferrier's Orpheus really superb. Her illness, which caused the withdrawal of the opera, is a major artistic calamity, which I hope will be quickly remedied.

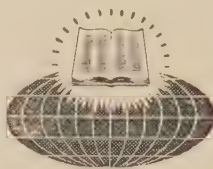
The jump to Philidor and Grétry was also a descent, and the programme devoted to them did not really give any clear idea of their qualities as composers of opera. But on the *ex pede Herculem* criterion, the brief excerpts and airs performed did not indicate any stature deserving of prolonged inspection. Lesueur was rather more thoroughly explored and emerged as a composer of more solid worth, combining a classical style with an imaginative orchestral technique, so that he forms a real link between

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Gluck and Berlioz. The interest of the music was, however, mainly historical and, well as it was done under Anthony Bernard's direction, it aroused no enthusiastic desire to spend an evening at one of Lesueur's operas any more than one would wish to spend an afternoon in a gallery hung with the larger compositions of his contemporary, Prud'hon.

Otherwise, it has been Michael Tippett's week. Two performances of 'A Child of Our Time' and the first hearing of the ballet-suite from his new opera proved, if proof were needed, that his true means of expressing his thought is music and not words, especially not spoken words. Indeed, he seems to compose his talks—there was another last week—as if they were music, using recurrent themes, branching into episodes, modulating suddenly into distant keys and then rounding off with a coda based on his motto-theme. The process works in music, especially as in fact his musical construction is

far less complicated. Indeed, one might complain that he shows too little inclination or ability to expand his ideas. He is content to state in a cogent paragraph the thought he wishes to convey. He does not then proceed to elaborate it, carrying his thought further, but simply repeats the whole paragraph again, with some modification of tonality or texture, perhaps, but no new development of his musical theme. This happens again and again in the oratorio and it seemed to be the structural principle of the new dances from 'A Midsummer Marriage'.

If his structures are simple, their texture and rhythm are exceedingly complex, and they are converted into intensely moving and beautiful music by the composer's quite extraordinary ability to create exactly the right emotional or dramatic atmosphere. He does it again and again in the oratorio, and each of the new dances wonderfully depicts the desired mood and

setting, though the finale lacked the broad melody to which it seemed to aspire. The oratorio is obviously one of those works which had to be written, torn out of the composer's passionate feeling, and it seems to grow in stature at every hearing. Paradoxically, since I have no great liking for Spirituals in the concert-hall, I have always thought the use of these Negro hymns in this context a stroke of genius, and it is a long time since I have heard anything more lovely than Margaret Ritchie's voice—she had sung the Mother's air superbly—descanting above the melody of 'St. Al away'.

The Hallé Orchestra under Barbirolli gave an interesting programme which culminated in Rubbra's Fifth Symphony in B flat. The polyphonic texture of this fine composition requires the utmost nicety of balance between the various orchestral voices, and this is just the aspect of the conductor's art in which Barbirolli excels.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

An Opera for Broadcasting

By COLIN MASON

Franz Reizenstein's 'Anna Kraus' will be broadcast at 8.10 p.m. on Thursday, March 5, and at 7.0 p.m. the following day (both Third)

ALTHOUGH radio has long proved itself an excellent medium for opera, suitably adapted when necessary, radio experts have often felt that the adaptation is of broadcasting technique more than of opera, and that such productions involve some waste of the special resources of radio. 'Anna Kraus', a one-act opera by Franz Reizenstein to a libretto by Christopher Hassall, specially written for broadcasting, is an attempt to exploit those resources. It is the first and so far the only work of its kind written in this country, but that it was selected last year by the B.B.C. as its entry for the international Italia Prize, awarded for the best work written for radio, is some indication of the success with which it solves the problems.

It makes full use, for instance, of the possibilities of frequent change of scene that radio allows, and it complies with the producer's insistence that it should be as self-explanatory as radio drama, without the aid of a narrator. Perhaps its only failure on this score is that no clear suggestion of the heroine's age emerges. It has a satisfying dramatic shape, moving to its *dénouement* in an admirably devised, rapid sequence of scenes which in their general layout, in such matters as the proportion and succession of ensembles and solos, and in the amount and style of their dialogue, show the skill of the experienced opera librettist, and give the composer just the opportunities he needs.

He for his part has been fully equal to them. He sets the tragic tone of the work in a few introductory bars, and then in the quick succession of scenes that follows he contrives both to match the speed of action of the libretto and to fill it out, supplementing in the music the dramatic characterisation and development skilfully but necessarily sketchily outlined in the text. He admirably conveys the blandness of the typically ineffectual stage rector; the conflict in Anna between her desire to forget her past and her sense of guilt towards her murdered family in doing so; the parochial intolerance of the village organist; in a fierce quarrel with Anna; the calmer, more optimistic temperament of Pavel and his lack of awareness of anything wrong, in a scene in which the music is nevertheless also full of the tension of Anna's suspicions. He gives us another light on the organist, as genial, astute shopkeeper, self-satisfied and calculatingly malicious; and expresses simultaneously the drunken exhilaration and recklessness of Pavel as he boasts of his military exploits, and the horror of Anna,

who can overhear him from the next room.

Even the minor parts are well defined. There is an amusing characterisation of the dear old lady who tells us that she is going to sing an aria from 'Faust' at tomorrow's village social; an effective suggestion, in a few bars, of the delusions of the other old lady, who is a little weak in the head; and a taste of the organist's Mendelssohn-and-water playing, and of the 'intellectual strumming on the piano' of Pavel. The only opportunity to which the composer fails to do full justice is the trio in which Anna imagines she hears her parents' and sister's voices. Finally, after Anna has killed Pavel, in the scenes where she learns the truth and goes out to end her own life, the composer provides a musically deeply moving resolution of and epilogue to all that has gone before.

Reizenstein succeeds in making all the rapid changes required with the facility of a composer of film music, and yet has created a genuine operatic work, in which both the parts and the whole have a convincing and unified musical form. This unity goes deeper than the obvious recurrences or transformations of themes, such as the reference to the music that accompanied Pavel's boasting when the Rector reveals to Anna that it was all a fiction. It works more subtly, for instance, in the music for the organist, in each of whose scenes there crop up certain easy harmonic sequences suggesting his spare-time occupation. There is also in his part a persistence of a distinctive five-four rhythm associated with his jealousy of Pavel, which Reizenstein uses so naturally and fits so ingeniously into the context always (as in the scene in which he makes Pavel drunk, in which it is most extensively developed and at the end of which it merges imperceptibly into Pavel's drunken march home) that the listener is not consciously aware of it, but which nevertheless contributes to the unity of effect. Running deepest of all is the underlying melodic unity of the whole work, the product of a method of melodic structure to some extent rationalised on certain carefully devised principles of interval sequence and phrase design, but yielding flexible, singable, beautifully shaped and infinitely varied and expressive lines.

In spite of all its excellences, 'Anna Kraus' nevertheless somewhere falls short of the best radio adaptations in effectiveness. The lesser fault is that in trying to make it self-explanatory without the help of that producer's *bête noir* the narrator, the librettist has been compelled in

the beginning to resort to certain devices which audibly creak, with the result that there is a sense of strain which all the skill of the rest does not throw off. We are always conscious of the solution as a brilliant *tour de force* of radio script-writing. The more serious weakness is that in yielding to the demands of radio the librettist has lost sight of some of his obligations to opera. Radio thrives on the speed of action he has achieved here. But opera, in which the characters must be fully established and the drama fully developed in the music, needs more space. To make its full effect operatically such a plot as this would need three acts. The composer has succeeded brilliantly in giving us the essentials in one act of little more than an hour, but again it is as a *tour de force* that we must admire it. The aesthetic experience is incomplete.

'Anna Kraus' was an experiment, and there is certainly something to be learned both from its success and from its failure. To solve more subtly the problems of making the libretto self-explanatory would be relatively easy, but perhaps its real lesson is that there is a fundamental incompatibility between the special characteristics of opera and radio as media of dramatic expression. This need not mean that genuine radio opera is impossible, but that it must be sought along different lines. There has recently been a perfect example in the broadcast of Bartók's 'Duke Bluebeard's Castle', which needed no adaptation and might well have been written for radio. It is worth noting that it has only two characters, virtually no 'action', and no change of scene. Among other operas that broadcast well, 'Tristan', 'Pelléas', and 'Salome' stand out. They have similar characteristics, and all are 'literary' rather than 'dramatic' works, with a minimum of stage action and a concentrated but necessarily leisurely development of the characters in music of symphonic self-sufficiency. They make no use of the special dramatic resources of radio, but they are effective because they depend so little on their stage action, and address themselves almost entirely to the musical sense.

The conclusion to be drawn from this may be disappointing for the producer who wishes to create radio opera, for it is that the perfect radio opera is that which does not need him at all, that radio opera as desired by him is indeed, as some have maintained, a chimera. 'Anna Kraus', which fails only to the extent to which it puts the needs of radio before those of opera, seems to confirm such a conclusion.

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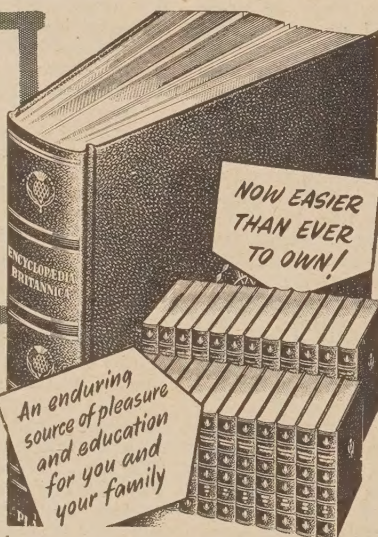
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

COOKING IN LENT

LET US CONSIDER for a moment some of the excellent methods of cooking fish. Boiling, for instance, which can be so good—the method we use for cooking a whole big fish, or a large piece of fish. In France, good cooks always prepare beforehand a sort of stock in which they cook the fish. This is made by adding to the necessary amount of water a little vinegar, onion, shallot, pepper, salt, a few cloves, and a little thyme, parsley, and bayleaf. It is cooked gently for about three-quarters of an hour, and then allowed to become quite cold.

This is used for cooking most types of fish, but there are exceptions: turbot and brill should be cooked in plain water to which you add a few slices of lemon and salt; and the other exception is shell fish—lobsters, crabs, prawns, and so on, which are cooked in plain salted water. And shell fish, by the way, is the only fish that should actually boil. All others should never go beyond simmering point. The fish should be put into the cold stock, brought to simmering point, and simmered for the necessary time, according to the thickness of the fish. If the fish is being served cold, it must be allowed to remain in the stock until it is cold. This is one of the secrets of well-cooked salmon.

Another very good method is braising. For this you prepare a bed of carrots, onions, shallots, with a bouquet of herbs—thyme, parsley, and bayleaf—all of which you *sauté* in a little margarine. On this bed you place the fish, and on the fish some pieces of fat bacon. Pour over a few tablespoonsful of white wine and an equal quantity of stock, sufficient to come half-way up

the bed of vegetables. Add salt and pepper, bring to simmering point, and cover closely. When the fish is cooked, drain off the liquid from the pan and use it for the sauce.

Finally, the method of poaching fish. You use very little liquid, and in cooking it should hardly simmer. It is the method used for fillets of fish, and small fish like trout or dabs. The fish should be very well washed in running water to remove all traces of blood. Rub a little margarine on a suitable dish, sprinkle on it some chopped onion and shallot, and place the fish on top. Add pepper and salt and pour over a little wine, mixed with a little fish stock, only sufficient to come about half-way up the layer of fish—or you can add the liquid in which you have cooked a few mushrooms. Cover the fish with greaseproof paper. The liquid is of course used for making the sauce. ANN HARDY.

A FAMOUS CHEESE DISH

A Swiss cheese dish called *fondue*, famous the world over, is essentially a home dish—and a very filling one. For four to six persons, shred into slices as fine as tissue-paper 1½ to 2 lb. of gruyère (real or imitation). Put it into a casserole, add a teaspoonful of butter and two sherry glasses of dry white wine. (Some consider it important to rub the casserole first with garlic.) Put the casserole on a very gentle heat—a methylated-spirit flame is best. Never stop stirring the contents of the casserole until the cheese has melted entirely and thickened, then add a tablespoonful of that unique and delicious liqueur called kirsch, a small pinch of pepper and, if you like, a speck of nutmeg.

While the cheese is cooking, others at table cut bread into cubes 1½-inch square, and everybody gets a large mound of these on his or her plate. Each person picks up these cubes of bread on a fork, one by one, dipping them into the cheese in turn, and sipping the rest of the kirsch in accompaniment. At the last, the residue in the casserole begins to stick to the bottom, and this is called the *râclette*. It is this *râclette* for which *fondue-fans* have a great preference.

ISABELLE VISCHER

Notes on Contributors

CHARLES COLLINGWOOD (page 331): Washington correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System

CROSWELL BOWEN (page 339): correspondent of *The New Yorker*

ERIC JAMES (page 343): High Master of Manchester Grammar School since 1945; author of *An Essay on the Content of Education, Education and Leadership*, etc.

DENYS PAGE (page 344): Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge University; author of *Actors' Interpolations in Greek Tragedy, Greek Literary Papyri*, etc.

REV. U. E. SIMON (page 346): Lecturer in Hebrew and Old Testament Studies, King's College, London University

JEAN COCTEAU (page 354): playwright, poet, novelist and painter; author of 'Orphée', 'Oedipe-Roi', 'The Eagle Has Two Heads', etc.

J. T. SMITH (page 356): on the staff of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments (England)

Crossword No. 1,191.

Cook's Tour—II.

By Zander

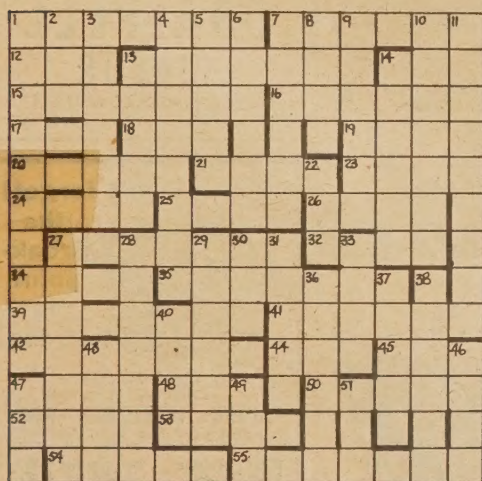
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, March 5

Each of the nineteen items of food or drink is clued (in italics) simply by the name of the region in which it is normally consumed.

The unchecked letters of these items, in alphabetical order, are the following:

FGKLOORRRSUUVWZ



CLUES—ACROSS

1. Peru (7).
7. China (6).
12. This, according to Caesar, is drug with us (3)
13. India (7).
14. S. Africa (3).
15. A kiss obtained with malice may produce an outcry (7).
16. Get up with palpitating heart, and make good (6).
17. A Malay town is worth little to the Japanese (3).
18. She's the wrong side of thirty (3).
19. Tommy referred to the ball as — humbug, mostly (4).
20. A lot of metres — five-sevenths of 1000 (5).
21. Dagger in need of iron, by the sound of it (4).
23. Early Socialist's name for a bleaching-vat (4).
24. To squeeze this sop is silly (4).
25. Africa (4).
26. Fits the back-stair (4).
27. E. Indies (7).
32. High tones of a drunken sailor (4).
34. Scotland (4).
35. W. Indies (7).
39. An original curve where nothing returns on the end of the parachute (7).
41. Poison; the Sun-god's in spiritual charge (6).
42. Italy (7).
44. Each forfeits an article, with the same result (3).
45. The poet who was not all there? (3).
47. Fury one sometimes blows off (4).
48. Athenian coloniser takes charge (3).
50. You have to flinch when you get the bird (5).
52. I'm after a big mark, yet I'm indifferent (4).
53. Bolt the store-places when you return (4).
54. Cato, the South American hawk (5).
55. Germany (7).

DOWN

1. Peru (10).
2. Hamstring the hurs! (3).
3. Gather together. Do you hear a noise? (6).
4. Australia (8).
5. Eskimo boat with raised point in the middle (5).
6. Will's wall is now shut up (6).
7. Scotland (6).
8. First person to come before Roman law will hang before the year's out (4).
9. N. America (6).
10. Russia (7).
11. Wine swallowed in one up movement is convenient (9).
13. Colourless fish (5).
14. Small mark found inside a plain cloth (6).

22. Where hardy folk expose their upper parts? (3).
27. This road is forked. Hurrah, the No. 4 bus will sort it out (7).
28. A promise that isn't made good (7, two words).
29. A counter has to project the fashion (6).
30. Scots word for a short dagger with lace on it (3).
31. Lawful place where Jean retires, about 101 (5).
33. My heel is Indian cross; what fun! (4).
36. Mexico (6).
37. S. America (5).
38. France (6).
40. New-fashioned suit for old-fashioned festivity (4).
43. Japan (4).
46. Creole Lullaby's Hebrew version of December (4).
47. Wide-awake coach (3).
49. What they call Betty Grable? Hardly enough to make her swoon (3).
51. Let's keep this last one short (3).

Solution of No. 1,189



NOTES

Quotation: 'He (died—but) left his subjects still behind, One half as mad—and t'other no less blind', —Byron, 'Vision of Judgment', VIII.

Reference: George the Third.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. M. K. Finley (Berkhamsted); 2nd prize: J. B. Sykes (Birchington); 3rd prize: Miss M. E. Lloyd Smith (Bedford).

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